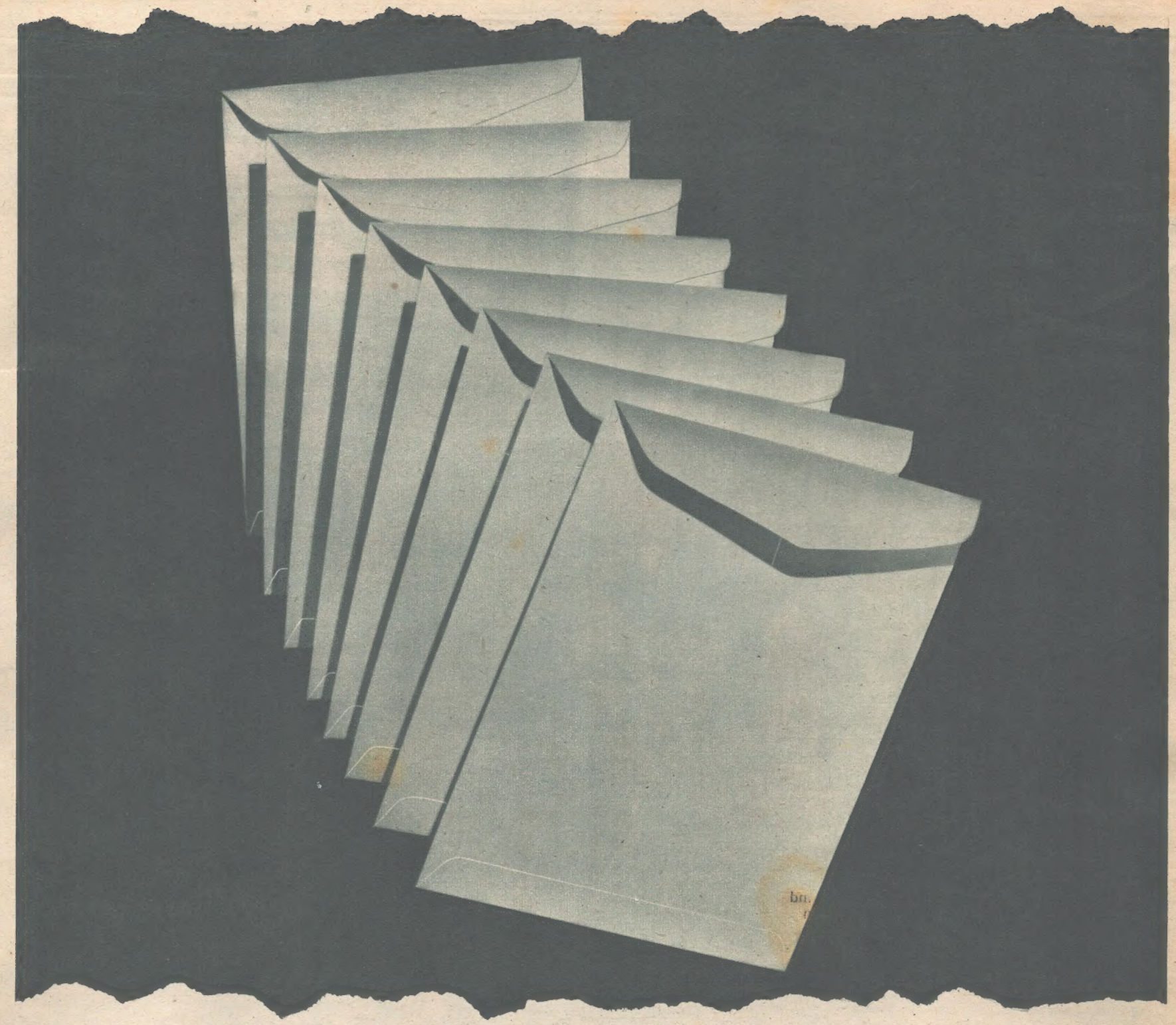
Week ending March 30 1957 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

THE FRENCHMAN WHO WILL PROTECT THE QUEEN

Far, far the mountain peak
by JOHN MASTERS

My wagonload of monkeys
by ZENON DIXON



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TDW/N14

JOHN BULL

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CHANCERY 3344 MARCH 30, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2648

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Margaret Rhodes—a poet inspired by her daughters

"NOTHING can ever compare with daughters," says Margaret Rhodes in her poem on page 32—her second in JOHN BULL. No poet's licence was needed for this statement; she means it. She is the mother of three schoolgirls—Elisabeth, Susanne and Rachel. "It was their gaiety that inspired me to write my poem."

Margaret Rhodes, who is forty-one and lives in St. Peter Port, Guernsey, has been writing poetry since she was eight. She works best between midnight and 2 a.m., when everybody else is in bed and cannot interrupt. But in the morning each poem she has written runs the gauntlet of family criticism, in which her husband, Mark Plummer—formerly a fellow graduate at Oxford—joins.

Apart from writing, her hobbies are cooking, sightseeing, photography, embroidery and growing indoor plants, an interest shared by the whole family. There are 107 plant pots distributed all over the house—"most of them in the bathroom."

Miss Rhodes shares her husband's passion for exploring Europe. Her daughters join in this, too. Even the youngest has now motored 20,000 miles abroad and has eaten octopus cooked in its own ink.

Back at home, Margaret Rhodes counts her blessings. Housework does not figure among these. "I hate it more than anything. To take my mind off washing up, I often do it with a poem propped up on the draining board."

ZENON DIXON, who writes about his "family" of chimpanzees on page 29, says: "But for the war I would probably never have seen England or developed the interest in chimps which is now my life."

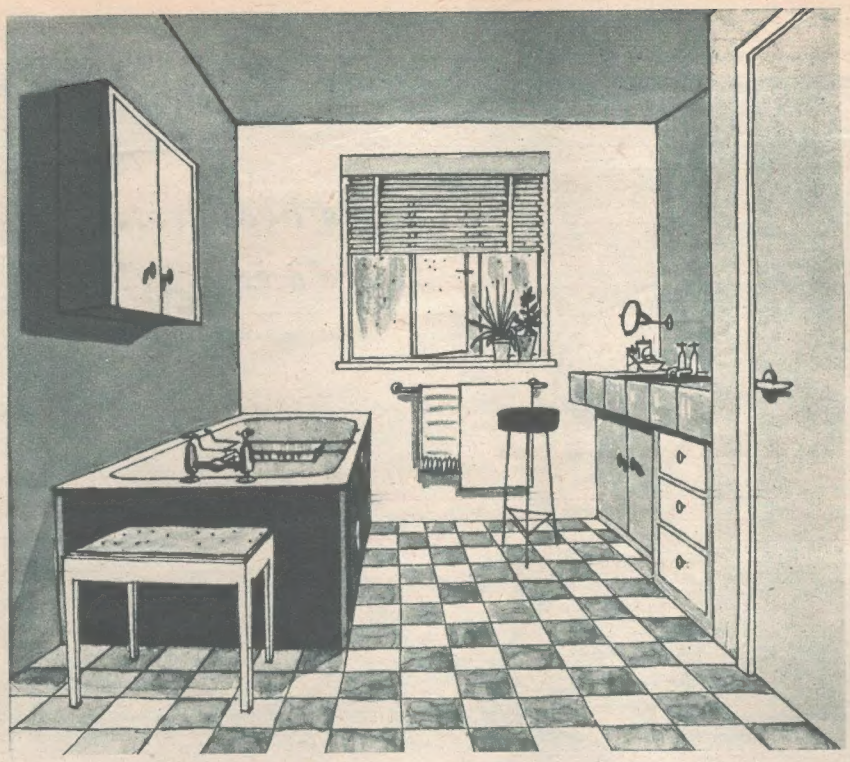
Dixon—he adopted the surname two years ago, when he took British nationality—was born in Cracow, Poland, and was a railway signalman until he joined the Polish air force in 1937. Captured by the Germans early in the war, he escaped from a prison camp in 1940 and, with the help of the underground movement, reached Britain. He joined the R.A.F. and became an aircraft fitter.

One of the friends he made worked at Chester Zoo and suggested that Dixon might be able to get a job there after the war.

"I knew next to nothing about looking after animals, but the idea appealed to me," says Dixon. "I did not want to return to Soviet-held Poland. When the time came I applied to the zoo—and was taken on."

He worked with lions, bears, parrots and parakeets and then, nine years ago, took over care of the zoo's two chimpanzees. Today there are fifteen . . . "and they leave me time for nothing else." But Dixon likes it that way. His day begins at 7.30 a.m. and usually finishes at dusk or just after. But during the winter he is often up during the night tending sick chimps.

A few days ago, Dixon, who is forty-two, was asked when he was going to get married. He replied: "Never. One family is enough to look after."



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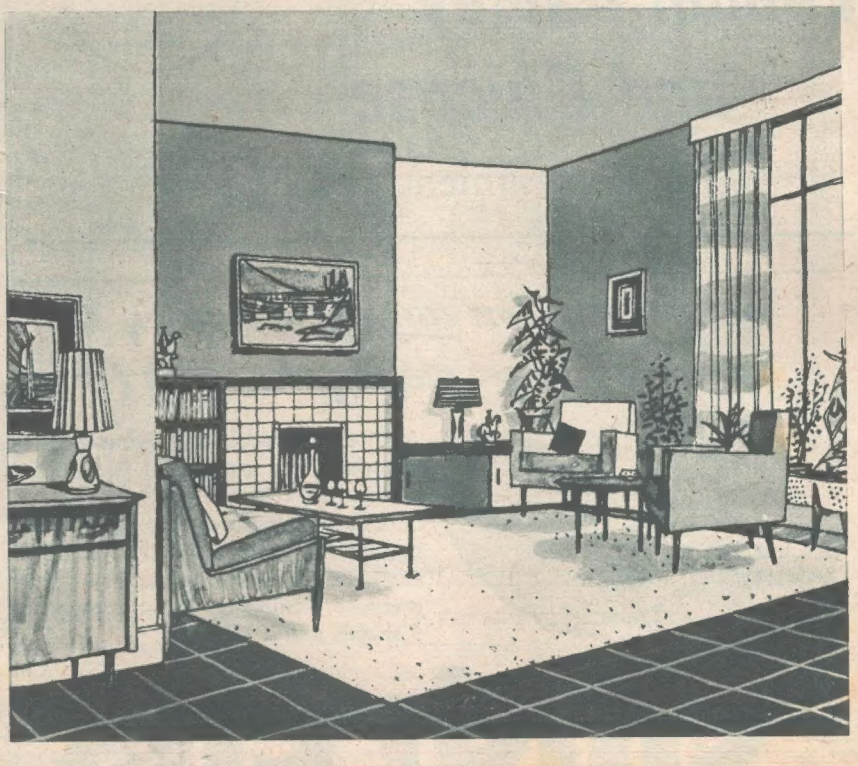

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Free Speech

- **Cure for a too-helpful husband**
- **Mystery of the headless crocus**
- **Why shoes for teenagers cost more**

DEPARTMENTS selling kitchen gadgets in large stores ought to be barred to men unless accompanied by their wives. My husband is a gadget salesman's ideal.

During the past three years he has introduced into my kitchen three different types of potato peelers (I happen to be particularly fast with a knife which I keep razor sharp); no fewer than four egg whisks, each of which he is convinced is more efficient than the last; several racks of miscellaneous ladles, slices and scrapers, and a whole clutter of plastic things. And even he can't remember what some of *those* are for.

Last week I tried to cure him. It was his birthday and I bought him a knife bristling with corkscrews, pipe-cleaners, tweezers and an assortment of spikes which is really far too heavy to carry around in his pocket.

But he was deeply touched. He said it was the best present I had ever given him.—MRS. E. G. M., Harlow New Town, Essex.

Traced By Number

With the help of the car licensing authorities I once received a photograph I did not know had been taken. It showed me and three friends with a London taxi in which we toured Germany, Switzerland and Italy. A German passer-by took the snap and addressed it to "Owner, DLX 208."

The taxi was about twenty-three years old and may still be running. The last I heard of it was as a prize in a Poppy Day draw.—P. S. HICKS, New Square, Cambridge.

Preening Males

A liftman recently bet me a packet of cigarettes that men were vainer about their appearance than women.

On six trips up and down with him I noticed that every man after removing his hat, adjusted his tie, smoothed his hair and generally preened himself in front of the lift's big mirrors.

But, except for a few teenagers, the women ignored the mirrors—and the liftman won his cigarettes easily.—T. SIMPSON, Thornliebank, Glasgow.

Charity Wheelbarrow

I was interested in the Italian method of raising money for charity mentioned by G. Themyne ("Free Speech," February 23).

In Melbourne, Australia, six commercial radio stations hold annual one-day appeals for hospitals during which donations of £1 to £1,000 are offered by telephone.

An announcer from one station walks twenty miles pushing a wheelbarrow into which people throw notes and coins.—J. B. BAILEY, Little Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Mannered Breadwinner

I presume that I am one of those middle-aged Englishwomen "who have made an appalling mess of training their men-folk" ("Free Speech," March 9). But I have no desire to train my husband. He is a man, not a pet monkey.

His job is to earn enough money to keep the home going. I can't help him in his business so it would be unfair for me to expect help in mine. For years now I have coped without outside help, with a four bedroomed house, a full-time secretarial job and three children.

My mother brought up six healthy children without any aid from my father—and my generation was taught that good manners and little courtesies go a long way and cost nothing.—MRS. B. U., Birmingham.

. . . My husband can also wash the dishes, clean the house and cook a meal. But I have to stand in buses crowded with the chivalrous modern men.—MRS. F. G. T., Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Headhunting Sparrows

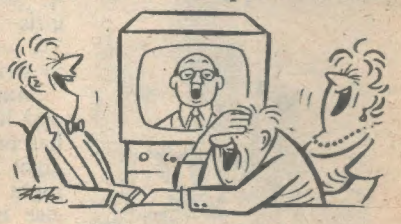
Each morning I find the heads of primroses scattered around the garden. The sparrows nip them off about half an inch below the blossom and toss them aside so swiftly that I can't believe they do it for food.

Crocuses also suffer, but not snowdrops.—MRS. A. KEYS, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire.

"This is at present one of nature's little mysteries," says an ornithologist. "Isolated yellow flowers seem to be the main attraction, and the sparrows like polyanthuses and dandelions too."

Gags For Politicians

We have found a whole range of TV comedians by simply turning off the volume control. Devoid of sounds, crooners and trumpeters become



extremely amusing. But the star turns are the irate politicians ranting at the actions of the other party.—A. J. HUNT, Penarth, South Wales.

Trippers Discouraged

A friend of mine who tripped over an unevenly laid paving stone and broke his wrist claimed compensation from the local council.

But they refused to consider it because he had made no previous complaint about the stone.

Are ratepayers really expected to keep an up-to-date list of all the badly laid paving stones in the district in case they fall over them?—S. K., Saffron Walden, Essex.

"Highway authorities are not responsible unless it can be proved that they were aware of the defect and did nothing about it," says the Urban District Councils Association.

Postal Delay

I thought that postal orders bearing the head of the late King were old stock being used up. But the last one I bought had an "E.R." watermark.—C. M., Manchester.

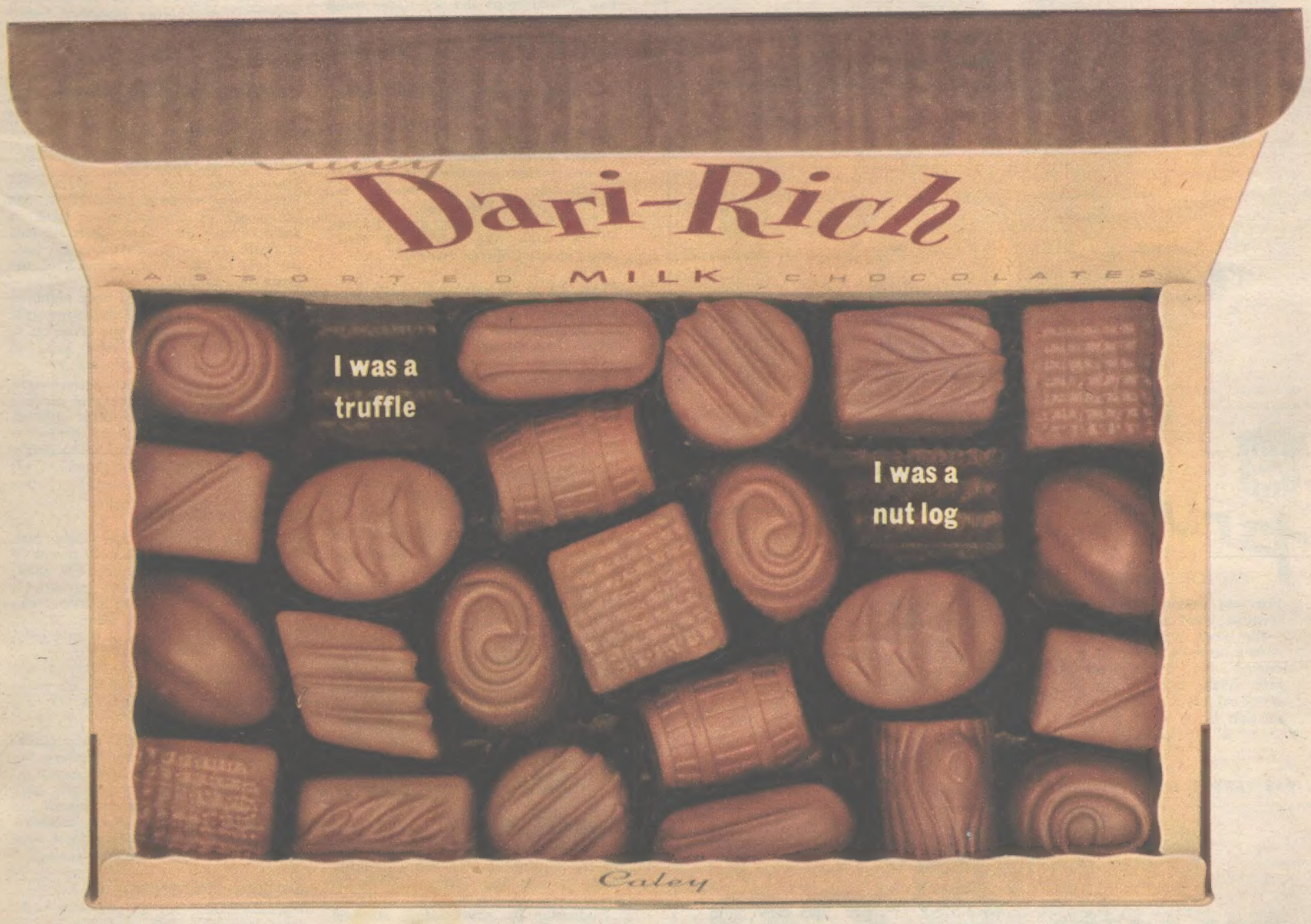
"Postal orders for £3, £4 and £5 bearing the head of the Queen were issued in October," says the G.P.O., "and dies for the rest will be ready soon. We print 600 million a year and stocks of paper with the 'G.R.' watermark have been used up."

Rising Costs

When my thirteen-year-old son grew out of his shoes I had to pay £2 2s. 9d. for size six instead of the £1 3s. 11d. charged for a size five.

The assistant said that the 18s. 10d. price increase was because my son

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



I ate the truffle

I'm a soft-hearted creature.
I like chocolates that just melt away.
All smoothness and gorgeous flavour!
Coffee and strawberry creams,
montelimart, Turkish Delight.

I ate the nut log

I'm a hard man to please. I like a
centre you can get your teeth into.
Caramels, cracknels, all the crunchy kinds.
Plenty to chew your way
through in a box of Dari-Rich.

I ate the whole top layer

(While the others were being so choosy!) I don't know how they make that Caley rich milk chocolate, but I know why they call it Dari-Rich . . .
Really makes you think of fresh creamy milk.
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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

had moved from the children's range into the men's. This looks like profiteering at the expense of parents of teenagers.—MRS. A. DICKINSON, Park End Road, Romford, Essex.

"Shoes are priced in size groups, and children's ranges are usually seven to ten, eleven to one, and two to five," says a shoe shop manager. "Each price is an average for the group, so that size two cost, in effect, a little more than they should, and size five cost a little less.

"But the price jump quoted seems on the high side unless the men's shoes were of better quality."

Dog In A Manger?

I thought it was a coincidence when my dog yawned a few seconds after I had done so last night. But when

it happened again I experimented and found that he did it every time.

Although I know that yawns are infectious among humans, I never realized that dogs reacted too.—G. H., Bromley, Kent.

"When the lack of oxygen in stuffy rooms reaches a certain point people are inclined to yawn to take in more," says a doctor. "The sight of others yawning is enough to start them off."

"I doubt whether any pet other than a dog would watch its owner closely enough to notice such subtleties," says a kennel keeper.

Crossing Out

Recently I saw two old ladies wait for three minutes at a zebra crossing while a non-stop stream of traffic swept by.

Suddenly a small dog stepped between them and trotted across the road. Brakes screeched and cars rocked to a stop. The two old ladies held their breath until the dog reached the opposite kerb.

Immediately the traffic started again—leaving them still waiting to cross. No wonder foreigners laugh at us for being a nation of animal-lovers.—H. G., Godalming, Surrey.

Three-eyed Relic

I don't see why sea monsters believed to be extinct should not still exist in uncharted depths ("Strange Tales Of The Sea," JOHN BULL, February 2).

I once returned three living trilobites to the sea in Wellington, New Zealand, and thirty years ago a friend there had two Sphenodon tuatara lizards—the only living creatures still with three eyes.—A. TREVANION, Chacewater, Truro, Cornwall.

"Trilobites are small marine shell creatures resembling woodlice which are believed to have been extinct for nearly two hundred million years," says the Natural History Museum.

"The tuatara is the oldest living relic of the age of reptiles. The third eye, in the centre of the head, records vague impressions of light and shade."

Changing Values

During the past three years, my father, who owns a small shop, has taken out of circulation all bent or worn coins. The bank changed half of them and suggested that he took the rest to the Bristol branch of the Bank of England.

There he was allowed only eighteen shillings for twenty-five shillingsworth. Had my father passed the coins on to the public he would have got full value.—M. R. BYRT, Bristol 7.

"Coins which are underweight through wear are exchanged at face value," says a Royal Mint official. "But if they are also bent, drilled or similarly mutilated they are no longer legal tender and people should refuse them."

Helmets Decline

What has happened to white pith helmets? These, often with pieces of cloth at the back to protect the neck, figure in old books and periodicals about Eastern life. And a friend who went to live in Japan about thirty-five years ago took one as a matter of course.

Yet soldiers in Malaya today do not wear them and seem to be no more susceptible to sunstroke.—K. G. T., Bexley Heath, Kent.

"A few old-stagers still order them, but pith helmets died out between the wars," says a tropical kit outfitter. "Today we supply lightweight hats in felt or gabardine which give all the protection necessary. Well ventilated clothing and extra salt in food now help to make sunstroke less likely."

Jugged Holidays

We never bore our friends with holiday snapshots. Wherever we go we look for an attractive jug—and we can't forget our holidays when conversations like this take place at home: "You'll find the milk in Ross-on-Wye, but if there's not enough put some more in Bakewell."

At breakfast the milk is always in Devon, and Holkham Hall holds extra for cereals.—MRS. E. R. L., near Woodbridge, Suffolk.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WELL, here's a *dog* who is going to lead nine lives. As usual, the sons of the house have got in first and appointed the new terrier to be the faithful, relentless guardian of the fort. But the feminine wiles of their sisters may yet coax him into bonnet and pinafore for a ride in the pram. And that's only the beginning. He knows nothing yet of interminable trots at the heels of elegant young ladies, or of double back somersaults for just one biscuit. If he did, says Laurent, he might head straight for that cosy dog basket in the kitchen.

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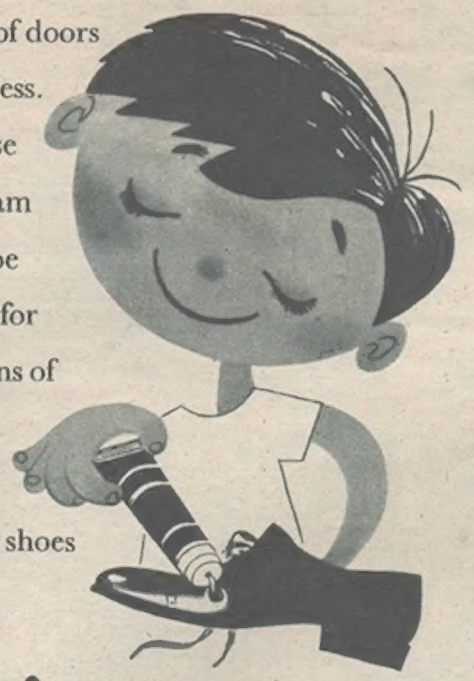
Before Meltonian made their shoe cream in a tube with a special sponge thing on the end Mummy threatened to make me clean my shoes out of doors so as not to make too much mess. Now she doesn't mind because even someone as clumsy as I am can't cover the place with shoe cream when I use the sponge for 'putting on'. They have dozens of different coloured creams and when I'm trying to get round her I clean some of her shoes too with all the right colours.



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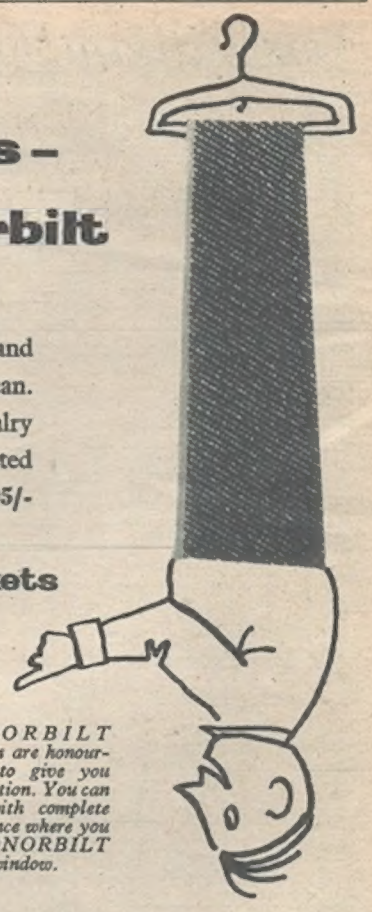

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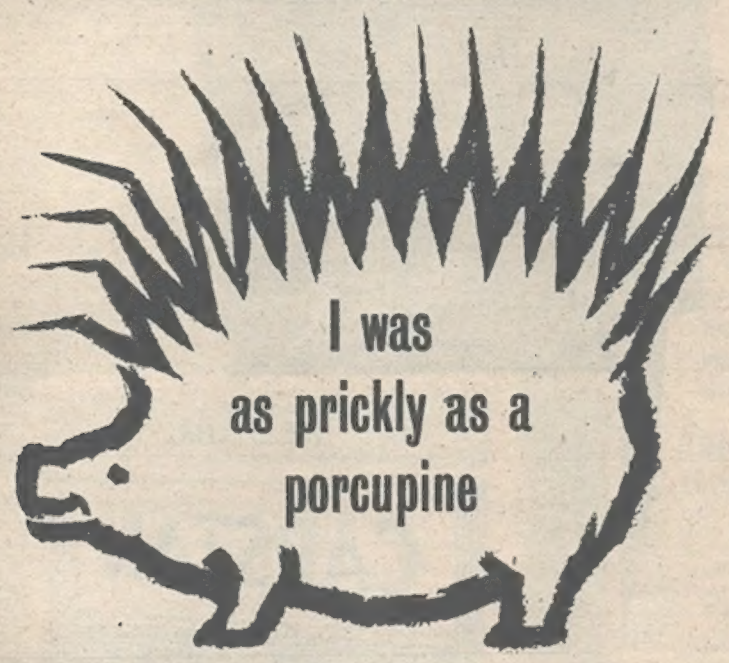

Everybody seemed to be trying to annoy me, and most of them succeeded. But I was persuaded to take D.C.L. Yeast Tablets. Now things go smoothly. All because I now have enough Vitamin B1. If you find things trying, try 'em!

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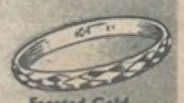

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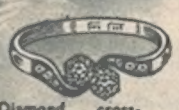

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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

Poor William! One day those perfect manners of his would ruin him

The too proper young man

by HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

IN the middle of his morning shave Mr. William Denning Dawson suddenly lowered his razor and blinked at the bathroom window. It was a huge window framing one of the most beautiful views in the Caribbean: blue San Marlo harbour with its enchanting backdrop of misty mountains and jig-saw puzzle foreground of tiled roofs.

The racket from the street below, however, was disturbing. William hastened to the window and looked down.

"Ignacio!" he bellowed.

Below, a dark young man in jacket and trousers of glistening white sped like a frightened phantom up the street, pursued by a noisy mob composed mostly of women. With a burst of speed he attained the open gate of Dawson's house, slammed it shut behind him and, in the nick of time, got it locked.

"Ignacio!" William Dawson called again from the window. "What the devil's the matter?"

Startled, the boy looked up. He grinned. "It is nothing, *señor*."

"Nothing! Get in here before they break the fence down."

Hurrying downstairs, William arrived at the front door as Ignacio came through it. The crowd in the street was not angry, he saw then with relief, but just excited. He shut the door and motioned the boy to a chair.

"A fine thing, getting yourself chased home by a horde of women. What have you done?" It was necessary at times to be severe with Ignacio. A manservant in a bachelor establishment where regulations were lax, the lad sometimes took his duties lightly, relying on his ready grin to get him out of trouble.

He used the grin now. "*Señor*, I have done nothing. I have become rich, that's all."

"What?"

"I have just won a mountain of money in

He stood by Judy as she placed bets just anywhere. Money, William realized, meant nothing to her

the lottery. . . . Eight hundred thousand pesos, *señor*."

"The lottery!" William sat down and stared at Ignacio. "Eight hundred thousand p——! Ignacio, do you know what you're saying?"

"Certainly, *señor*." Ignacio's grin was wider than ever. "I am suddenly a millionaire, with enough for a house, a wife, a car with white tyres——"

"Where is this money?"

Ignacio produced a cheque. "You will keep it for me, *señor*—until I can go to the bank and cash it? With so many people knowing I have it. . . ."

"I'll keep it until we can go to the bank and open a savings account for you. Why the devil did you tell so many people?"

"It just happened, *señor*. Some friends were there when the numbers were posted. I yelled for joy and did a little dance—who would not, at such a time?—and so they knew. Then they followed me home, shouting the news to all."

William put the cheque into his pocket. "Come down to the consulate at noon. I'm late for work now, and anyway the bank doesn't open till nine." He rubbed his jaw. "And you'd better lock the gate after me when I leave. You've suddenly acquired a lot of friends."

"*Si, señor*. Eight hundred thousand pesos' worth."

"Does Anna Maria know you're in the money?"

From Ignacio's homely face with its large ears the grin slowly faded. "*Señor*, with that girl it will probably make no difference. Why is it we always want so badly the things we cannot have . . . ?"

Why, indeed? William thought, squeezing his car through the winding, traffic-choked streets of San Marlo City en route to his work at the British Consulate. *If I knew the answer, Ignacio, my boy, I'd be sleeping at night instead of lying listening to the termites in the ceiling.*

It was the unhappy fate of most men, he supposed, to hunger for things denied them. At Oxford he had hungered to row in his college eight and had wound up in the glee club. After that he had yearned for adventure and found himself holding down a desk in the Caribbean's dullest consulate.

"Dreams," William muttered. "Nonsense."

Take Ignacio now. The large ears and general lack of beauty were no real handicap to an enterprising lad with a good job. Ignacio could have taken his pick of the local cooks, maids and laundresses long ago. But no, the lad sought the impossible: this Anna Maria minx who danced in a night club and dismissed his approaches with a toss of her beautiful head. Poor, frustrated Ignacio.

"And I'm no better," William admitted aloud. "I have to go and fall for the daughter of Mike King. . . ."

He was eight minutes late getting to his desk, and had barely glanced at his letters when the daughter of Mike King appeared in the open doorway. William stood up, trying to be as calm and composed as a member of the Foreign Service at all times ought to be.

It was a little difficult. Even in a simple white cotton dress Judy King was a shock to any normal man's emotions.

"Can I see you for a minute, Willy?" She called him Willy because her father called him Willy. It hurt.

He held a chair for her. She murmured "Thanks" without smiling and leaned towards him as he sat down. "What's going on, Willy?"

"What do you mean?"

She tapped two fingers on the desk—a sign, William knew, that she was annoyed. "Dad's in Miami, looking at some equipment. I told you at the club, night before last, when we were dancing. He won't be back till next week."

William nodded.

"Last night," Judy went on, "I heard that Otto Schmidt, the man who's building the big hotel on the waterfront, is spreading wild stories, knifing Dad behind his back."

"Goodness me! What kind of stories?"

"That Dad is cheating the government."

William leaned back and stared at her, incredulous. Her father, Mike King, was the Caribbean's best-known builder of roads, dams, bridges. In San Marlo he was building a dam high in the mountains. Everyone knew he was doing the job practically at cost, because, although he was an American, San Marlo was his home, and he was a hunting and fishing friend of President Miguel Cadena.

"Why in the word should Otto Schmidt try to cause trouble for your father?" William said. "He's an hotel man."

"I don't know why. That's what I came here to find out." Judy stood up. "You're taking me to see those Haitian dancers at the casino tonight, aren't you?"

William wasn't sure. When the eyes of Mike King's daughter had that high-mountain blue in them, he was never sure of anything. Experimentally, he said: "Of course."

"Well, if you ask enough questions around this stuffy place, you ought to know something by then." Her hand rested lightly on his shoulder, sending an electric shock through him. "Bye, Willy," she said more softly. "Try hard, huh?"

THE Consul-General had flown to Jamaica to see his dentist. William stepped into the office of Martin Coldwell, the second-in-command, a large and laconic man who considered everything in San Marlo faintly amusing.

"Excuse me, sir," William said, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Go ahead," Coldwell said.

"Just who—and what—is Otto Schmidt?"

"He's building that big hotel down by the beach."

"So I've heard. But who is he?"

Coldwell placed his fingertips together. A fly buzzed in the room's silence. "Well, he's an American citizen who lives in Florida, but originates, I believe, from Chicago." Coldwell's knowing smile seemed to indicate that this meant something. Coldwell continued: "He came here last year after unsuccessful attempts to do business in Puerto Rico and Haiti, bought property and began building his hotel. Is that any help to you?"

"No."

"What do you want to know, then?"

"Miss King was just in here. She says Schmidt is spreading lies about her father, accusing him of cheating the government."

"Schmidt isn't in the dam-building business," Coldwell said. "The girl probably heard some idle tea-party chatter——"

"She doesn't go to teas. She works for her father."

"M'm." Coldwell studied the backs of his hands. "Bit strange, isn't it—an American girl bringing her troubles to the British Consulate? You've been seeing quite a lot of her lately, haven't you?"

"I've taken her out once or twice."

"Attractive girl. Very. A bit out of your reach, though, don't you think, Dawson?" Coldwell held up a hand. "No offence, old boy. What I mean is, the daughter of Mike King isn't exactly a girl who worries where her next pair of nylons will come from, is she?" The hand waggled in mid-air to forestall a retort. "How old are you, Dawson?"

"Twenty-seven," William said.

"Young," Coldwell said. "M'm, yes. Well, a word to the wise, eh?"

"Yes, sir," William said with a sigh. "Thank you."

It was an exasperating day. He missed lunch because the bank was crowded and it took an hour to get Ignacio's affairs straightened out. Only by squeezing the most out of every remaining minute was he able to talk to *People Who Might Know*.

They didn't know. He arrived at the Kings' house at eight with the melancholy feeling that, having at last been given a golden chance to be of service, he had flatly failed.

Judy King took it surprisingly well. "Never mind," she said. "Let's forget it and go to the casino."

Relieved, William escorted her to the casino, where they sat under a palm tree, watching a troupe of Haitians dance to the beat of voodoo drums. William paid little attention to the performance. This was the twenty-third time he had taken Judy out, he thought. Why didn't she either brush him off or give him a crumb of encouragement?

He guessed the answer. She didn't dream he loved her, and she certainly had never thought of loving him. She was simply an active young lady who liked to do things, and in tiny San Marlo there were precious few men for an English-speaking girl of twenty-four to do things with.

He gazed at her as she watched the dancers. Coldwell was right; it was hopeless. Still, a man couldn't go on for ever just looking, could he?

William reached across the table and placed a hand on hers.

"Judy," he said.

She turned her head to look at him, and her hair, the colour of fresh-cut mahogany, cast a devilish shadow in what she probably thought were innocently wide eyes.

"Yes, Willy?"

"I love you."

"I know you do, Willy," she said calmly.

"You know?"

"Uh-huh. What kind of girl would I be if I didn't? I like you, too, Willy. You're very nice."

"Damn it," William said. "I didn't say I liked you. I said I love you."

"I know what you said, Willy." She squeezed

"*Señor*," said Ignacio, smiling. "When a man has what a woman wants, he gets her"

"You know how they're talking about me?" Mike asked. "I know," said William, looking towards Judy. "If I knew who was behind it . . ."

his fingers. "Look. There's our friend, Otto Schmidt."

William saw a thick-shouldered, baldish man in a grey suit walking alone across the palm-studded dance floor towards a small blue door with golden stars on it. *Looks like a gangster on a holiday,* he thought.

He felt Judy tugging at him. "Let's go into the gambling room, Willy," she said.

William sent a frantic glance at the blue door, now swinging shut behind Otto Schmidt, and felt weak in the knees. Gambling? On his salary? Never before on their visits to San Marlo's luxurious casino had Judy mentioned gambling. She was on her feet now, though, and she made for the blue door as though she just couldn't wait to lose her money.

Judy led him to a roulette table and took the only vacant chair, with a quick smile at him as she seated herself. She played. William stood behind her and watched, fascinated, while she lost four thousand pesos. Money, he realized, meant nothing at all to the daughter of Mike King. She played with scarcely a glance at the whirling wheel and placed her bets just anywhere.

Tiring of that, she bounced up and tried her luck at blackjack, and then at a game called bolero, at which the croupier's constant chatter made William dizzy. He saw Otto Schmidt watching her with a faint smile on his owlish face, and noticed that Schmidt was not playing but just walking about with his hands in his pockets, watching.

The rest of Judy's chips quickly vanished. With a sad shake of her head, she took William's arm.

"I guess I'm just not lucky," she said. "Would you mind awfully if we went home now, Willy?"

Not until they were driving out of the casino gates did William get his equilibrium back. "Heavens above!" he said then. "They must make a million pounds a night in that place."

"They certainly do well, don't they?" Judy said.

"Now I know what to do when I make a million. Open a casino."

"It isn't that easy."

"You think I'll never make the million?" William's laugh was hollow.

"I mean you have to have a government licence," Judy said. "The government grants a monopoly and takes a cut." She was silent for a moment, then turned and gazed at him while he drove. "I'm sorry I was such rotten company tonight, Willy," she said. "Forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you," William said. But his grin was wistful at the edges. *Forgive and forget,* he thought: that was what he had to do. Mike King's daughter had tossed away the equivalent of forty pounds or so tonight without blinking an eye, while only last week William Denning Dawson had been forced to let his cook go and trust his digestion to Ignacio, because the girl's salary of twelve hundred pesos a month —about a pound a week—was pinching him.

He arrived home earlier than usual and found Ignacio on the veranda, wearing a gaudy sports shirt and looking too obviously innocent. The swinging seat on the porch gently swayed in a mist of seductive perfume.

"You alone?" William said.

"But of course, *señor.*"

William pretended not to hear the quick patter of sandal-shod feet on the drive behind him. "What about some coffee, then?"

"At once."

He slumped on to a chair in the living-room and kicked his shoes off. The affair at the casino had unnerved him.

When Ignacio entered the room at last with the

Continued on page 43

Villiers at the wheel of the Outward Bound training ship Warspite. He calls himself an adventurer who has no time for formalities

Stewart Upham (left) is the builder of the Mayflower II in which Villiers hopes to cross the North Atlantic as the Pilgrim Fathers did

Full sail to adventure

by REX GRIZELL

Like a sea dog of old, Alan Villiers lets nothing get in his way. His "magic" seamanship has won him the offer of a harem

THE crowd on the quay at the Pembrokeshire port of Fishguard was watching the Pequod, the sailing ship which John Huston was using to make the film *Moby Dick*, come in to her berth. The handling of a ship of this type is no easy matter, and the local old salts laid bets on how many dummy runs she would have to make before she finally got to the quay.

But the Pequod was being brought in by Alan Villiers, a burly fifty-three year old Australian master mariner. He brought her confidently towards her berth — too confidently, some thought.

"As the ship came closer and closer to the quay it looked as if she would hit it hard," says one of the crew. "We turned to see what the new skipper was doing at the wheel. He wasn't there. The wheel was hanging loose, and Villiers was leaning over the side, calmly filming his own berthing with a ciné-camera. At the last moment he strode to the wheel, and brought the ship alongside with inches to spare. Ropes were thrown out and made secure, and the ship was berthed. It looked like magic."

Commander Alan John Villiers, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Comendador of the Portuguese Order of St. James of the Sword, Trustee of the National Maritime Museum, Fellow of the Royal and the American Geographical Societies, and Vice-President of the Society for Nautical Research, has spent half his life at sea in sailing ships, and the other half writing books, making films, and appearing in British and American radio and television programmes about the sea. Earlier this year he returned to Britain after sailing a Portuguese naval training barque for a documentary film.

Villiers has been master of his own windjammer, the Parma, with which he won the grain race from South Australia to the English Channel two years in succession. With the profits from the Parma he bought the full-rigged ship George Stage from the Danish Government, renamed it the Joseph Conrad and sailed it 58,000 miles around the world with a crew of cadets. He spent a year in Arab dhows, and six months with Portuguese fishing schooners among the floating ice off Greenland. He will command the Mayflower II, a replica of the ship which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to America, when she shortly begins her voyage across the Atlantic.

Though Villiers has rounded Cape Horn four times under sail, and was the last man to circumnavigate the globe in command of a full-rigged ship, the Mayflower II presented him with problems outside his experience. Modern sailing ships are rigged with iron or steel wire ropes which are simple to handle and stand up to long voyages without chafing. Mayflower II is rigged, as the original was, entirely with hemp rope.

Villiers is doggedly thorough. To find out all that he could about the last ships left in the world with galleon type hulls and cordage rigging like the Mayflower II, last year he made a journey of seven thousand miles to the Maldive Islands, four hundred miles west of Ceylon. For six weeks, in a two hundred ton ship with no modern comforts, he worked with the native crew under a blistering Indian Ocean sun, getting the feel of the cordage rigging. He made detailed sketches and notes of methods of avoiding chafe aloft. He questioned the men who made the ropes and tackle.

On his return he told a friend that the Mayflower "would be very difficult to handle, and the job of getting her across the Atlantic a real stinker." Other authorities take a yet more pessimistic view than Villiers. "He just doesn't know what he is up against. The old timers were experts at handling these ships, and they were always getting into trouble. They will end up by towing her across," said one sceptic.

Villiers was angered. "Tow her over? No sir, not on your life! She'll sail," he says.

Villiers has a bluff, salty manner. Ian Curtis, a B.B.C. producer who has often worked with him, describes him as "a man who does what he says, and says what he means." His conversation is energetic and vehement, loaded with picturesque invective and blunt assertions, and rasped out in a hoarse Australian-American accent. He describes himself as an adventurer, with no time for committees, speeches, formalities, or niceties of manner.

When a friend expressed anxiety as to whether the Mayflower project would receive official support, Villiers said, "If we don't get it, we'll sail without it. The Pilgrim Fathers didn't ask for and didn't have official support."

He has refused point blank to allow any women to sail in the Mayflower II. "In the days when the old Mayflower sailed, women were chattels, they did as they were told. Now they answer back. I don't want opinionated glamour girls on board. They'd only get in the way."

VILLIERS is tough. While sailing ten thousand miles with the Arabs he lived for eight months on six feet of bench on the open deck. He had malaria and dysentery. One day he received a blow on the head—"presumably from something which carried away aloft," he says. For a week he lay unconscious. When he revived he was blind. He had been placed in a stinking cabin in the interior of the ship, where rats and fat cockroaches ran over him. He recovered his sight after a week, and stubbornly returned to work on the ship, but for months after he walked with a limp.

He liked the Arab sailors. "Those guys were real adventurers. No speeches. They just got on with it."

Before he left, the Arabs gave him a set of

Visitors watch the Mayflower being built. On Villiers's orders there will be no women aboard when she sails. "They would only get in the way," he says

Villiers with his daughter Katherine and son Christopher. Dealing with children, he makes highly dramatic threats—and they love it

gold-embroidered Arab cloaks. "They offered me a harem, and a baggala—that's a large type of sailing vessel. I damn near took both."

In spite of his toughness Villiers has a reputation for kindliness. Once, when a ship's cat was washed overboard from the Joseph Conrad, Villiers put the ship about, lowered a boat and rescued the cat. "Putting a square rigged ship about is no simple business," says Vernon Glassborow, the B.B.C.'s Plymouth representative who served with Villiers in coastal forces during the war. "Very few skippers would have attempted it on the remote chance of rescuing a cat."

At the time that Villiers bought the Joseph Conrad there was a suggestion that Britain should have a sailing school ship. "The whole thing dissolved in a bunch of committees," says Villiers. "A lot of guys sat around and yapped about the spirit of adventure—I just got moving and did it." The two-year voyage cost Villiers £15,000. "It was money I had made from the sea. I thought the voyage was a fair way to spend it."

Villiers was born in Melbourne in 1903. From his home he could see the docks where the big sailing ships berthed. The sight of them lured him to sea under sail at fifteen. At eighteen he had already sailed to Britain and back to Australia in windjammers.

On the return journey his ship ran aground as she approached anchorage. Villiers was aloft taking in sail. The jolt hurtled him fifty feet to the deck. He survived the fall with an injured thigh, a wrenched pelvis, and internal injuries. It was some time before he could walk again. On his next voyage he opened the wounds during a battle with a sail in high winds in the Tasman Sea. For two years he stayed ashore.

At twenty he sailed in the Sir James Clark Ross with the first modern whaling expedition to the Antarctic. At twenty-six he sailed in the Grace Harwar, the last of the Cape Horn full riggers. The Grace Harwar was an ill-fated ship, which killed a man every voyage. She had been shipwrecked and in collision. On the voyage before Villiers joined her, the sailmaker had died and the captain had crushed his legs in an accident. All this was fact, not superstition. Villiers sailed in her because, with another young man named Robert Walker, he intended to make a film of the voyage and the Grace Harwar was photographically the most suitable ship still afloat.

HER voyage lasted 138 days. Walker was killed on the thirty-eighth day when a spar from the rigging fell on him; the second mate, worried by the dangers of the undermanned ship, went raving mad and leaped overboard; the ship sprang a serious leak, and later ran out of food so that scurvy developed aboard. Three men were near death from starvation when the captain sailed to a steamer route to beg food from passing ships. Through it all, Villiers doggedly carried on with the job he had come to do. The film he made became, with added commentary, a classic documentary of the sea.

During the war Villiers was commissioned in the R.N.V.R. A qualified pilot, he was one of the first to realize the importance of aircraft recognition and, when he had seen some naval gunners shoot down a R.A.F. Catalina, he began to crusade to make the navy air-minded. "He is a fascinating talker. He could hold an entire ship's company from admiral downwards. You could hear a pin drop as he spoke," says Glassborow. "But Villiers believes in himself and has no respect for the pomp and circumstance of office." His zeal and unorthodox methods of instruction brought opposition from senior naval officers.

"An admiral called me an adventurer, and he meant it as no flattery," says Villiers. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to Combined Operations, where he commanded a squadron of landing craft.

He led them to landings at Reggio, Salerno, Anzio, and Normandy, and then sailed them 35,000 miles to landings at Rangoon, Singapore, and in Siam.

When he is not at sea or working in America, which he visits twice a year, Villiers lives in a £6,000 house at Oxford, with his wife, Nancie, and two sons and a daughter. He rises early, and attends to the fires before starting work. Sometimes he breaks off to cook breakfast for the family. "He certainly likes things ship-shape around the house," says his wife. "He's always straightening pictures or moving vases an inch one way or the other."

According to Glassborow, whose children have often stayed in Villiers's house, he has a way with children. It includes the use of the most dramatic threats. "I've heard him threaten to tear his son's arm off and beat him over the head with it. The boy just stared in delighted fascination and went and did as he was told."

Villiers has no interests outside his work. He plays no games of any sort, and never reads a book not concerned with the sea or nautical research. Just before the war he took up flying as a pastime. One day as he was coming in to land at Rochford, Essex, a seagull crashed into him. He came to with pieces of the glass from the instrument panel in his face, his eyes, nose, and mouth streaming with blood, and the earth reeling drunkenly at the wingtips. He just had time to switch off the petrol before the plane crashed and fell to pieces. Apart from the injuries to his face and a severe shaking he was not hurt.

"But I took it as a warning," he says. "I gave up flying for pleasure, and I have been faithful to the sea ever since." THE END

Far, far the mountain peak

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Now the world knew Savage as a vicious, cruel conqueror—and still he took no heed. Somehow Emily would have to make him listen . . . before it was too late

INDIA, 1913. . . . Tonight Emily had the long candles lit in the dining-room and told the bearer to serve champagne. Her husband—Peter Savage, Commissioner of the District of Rudwal—was leaving tomorrow to lead an expedition to climb Maru, an unconquered Himalayan peak.

The expedition, due from England next day, arrived ahead of time—late that night. Emily suddenly heard a familiar voice and step outside. It was Gerry, the Earl of Wilcot . . . the man she would have married if she hadn't fallen so violently in love with Peter.

Gerry kissed her cheek, and she turned to welcome Harry Walsh, who was married to Gerry's sister, Peggy. This was a difficult meeting. Peggy had once been Emily's best friend. But she had loved Peter, too, and the enmity she now felt towards both him and Emily seemed to have communicated itself to her husband.

"You must eat here," Peter had said.

"Are you sure?" Harry said doubtfully. It was past midnight.

"Quite," Emily answered, smiling. "It's quite all right." And, thinking of Peter and Harry climbing together on Maru, she prayed that it would be. . . .

A month later, at Camp 2, 23,000 feet high on the mountain, things were far from all right. One of the Swiss guides, Cadez, had been killed that day and Gerry, who had been climbing with him, was suffering from shock and exhaustion. Walsh, openly hostile now, refused to climb any farther under Peter's leadership.

That night, Peter made up his mind. His was a ruthlessly determined nature. They were within a day of the summit, and nothing was going to make him give up now. At five in the morning he roused Gerry and said: "Wake up, old man—we're going to the top."

Harry Walsh was instantly awake, too. He said fiercely: "By God, Savage, you're the biggest swine I ever met. I thought even you must see that Gerry's not fit to climb."

PART THREE

The Wives Go Into Action

GERRY had one boot on and was working slowly at the other. He seemed unaware of the violence of Harry's outburst. He said reasonably: "Of course I'm fit, Harry."

Harry went on, shouting at Peter as though Gerry had not spoken. "Cadez didn't matter a damn to you, I know, but—Gerry." Peter said nothing, and at last, after a violent, single oath, Harry said: "All right, I'll come. Forget what I said last night."

Peter had been expecting this, and had decided on the right response. He said: "I'm sorry, Harry. I have no confidence in your guts."

Harry tried to hit him then, but the blow glanced harmlessly off his shoulder, and Gerry said calmly: "There's no need to get excited, Harry. Peter won't hold anything against you." Harry groaned and put his head in his hands. . . .

Half an hour later they started up the ridge. A heavy storm was brewing somewhere to the south-west. There was no sun, only different shades of black and grey and, close at hand, bluish snow and the lifeless rock.

At ten o'clock they came down the north side of Cleopatra's Needle and stood at the foot of a snow slope perhaps a thousand feet high. They were at about 24,600 feet. Above the slope there must be another 1,500 feet.

Gerry turned to Peter and thrust out his gloved hand. "We've done it. The rest's easy."

Peter wanted desperately to believe it, but it was not true. He took over the lead.

They went up the slope at a good speed, reaching the rolling crest at about noon. Ahead lay a new ridge, and Peter's breath was coming very short. He felt good, but the weakness of human physique dragged him back.

Far above he could see the projecting sharp edge of a big rock—the top itself, or the end of this ridge and the beginning of the summit dome. He reached across and up a steep, warped rock. The snow lying on its upper edge ten feet above him trickled down in a stream into his eyes. He struggled up, waited to catch his breath, anchored, belayed.

Gerry did not move even when Peter beckoned. He was standing, like a sack of potatoes, under the left side of the knife-ridge, twenty feet behind and ten or twelve feet down. Between him and Peter lay a slope of snow with a step cut in it, a good foothold on rock, a handhold, two flat steps on sloping ice, two holds on the rock—and the rope.

Gerry let go his hold and cupped his hands, the ice axe swinging loosely across the front of his body by its thong. His voice came very loud and near. "I can't cross that, Peter."

Peter prayed: *Not here, not now . . . please.* Controlling his voice, he shouted back, though the sound came out as a feeble croak: "Come on—nothing difficult. The rock's firm."

Gerry shook his head and bawled with the same unnatural strength: "I can't cross that, Peter. Out of the question." Suddenly he began to shiver and shake. The ice axe started to swing, a pendulum in his hand, and his wrist was out of the thong. Then, deliberately, he cast the axe away. He cried: "You're right. Easy. I don't need it," and stepped out towards Peter, swaying, stumbling, his eyes looking at nothing but Peter's face. Peter whipped off his goggles and held Gerry's eyes and kept the rope taut between them. It was no use telling him to look for his holds, no use to do anything but imprison his eyes and *will* him across.

At the foot of the rock where Peter was, when he could almost have touched Peter's hands, Gerry stepped over the cliff.

Peter held him. Then, with the rope on its anchor, he went down to him. Gerry was lying on his face on the steep slope. He was crying, his mouth full of snow.

"No good. Failed."

Peter leaned down and slapped him as hard as he could across the side of his face with a gloved hand. He gave Gerry his own ice axe and told him angrily to get up to the rock. Gerry dragged himself up, the tears running down under his goggles and freezing in long icicles on his cheek and in the matted hair of his beard.

Peter rejoined him and patted his shoulder. "Time to go down now, Gerry. We can't reach it. Another year, eh?"

THEY went down again to Camp 2 and reached it at seven o'clock. Harry gave Gerry one glance and then put an arm round his shoulders and helped him into his tent. Peter followed.

Gerry did not speak until he had drunk some cocoa. Then he said: "Peter saved my life. And I lost my nerve. If it hadn't been for me, he would have climbed Maru today. Now he'll have to go again." His eyes widened. "Again," he stammered, "again. He'll have to go again."

Peter saw that Harry was glaring at him with open hatred. He said: "Gerry, if it hadn't been for you, we wouldn't have got as far as we did. Now we know the way. The only reason we failed today was because we didn't have enough time. When we come again——"

"No," Harry said. "Neither of you is coming again."

"Of course we are," Gerry said. "Aren't we, Peter?"

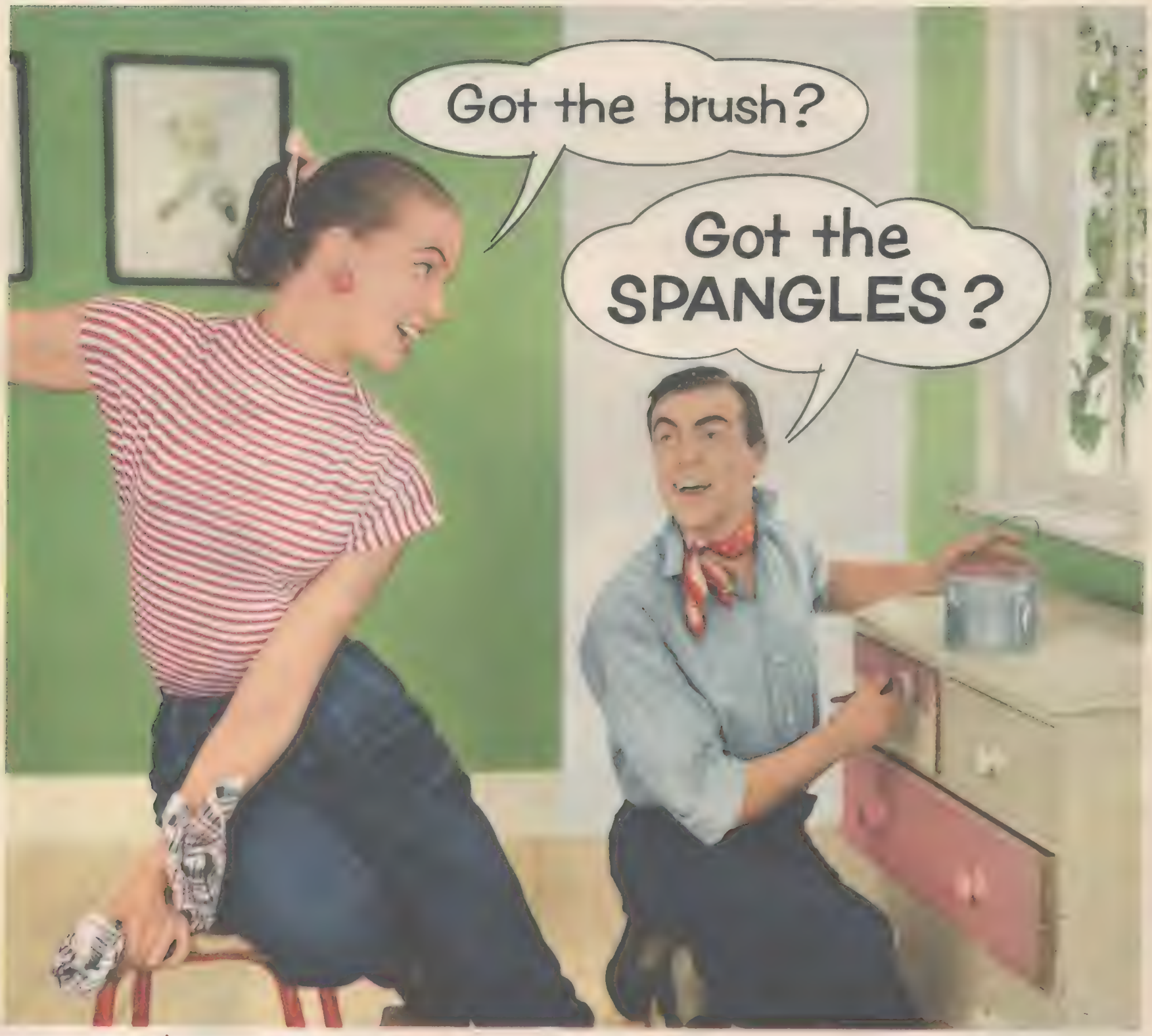
Peter said: "I don't know about me, Gerry. I won't be able to leave Rudwal again for a few years."

But in his heart he knew he'd got to come again. They had failed this time. Gerry was ill—mentally, and now, Peter thought, physically as well, for he had begun to spit a little blood and he was very pale. They would go home to Rudwal, and Emily would make Gerry well. Then—another year, Maru once more.

One failure was not going to stop him any more than one obstacle, one cliff could. . . .

Emily noticed that it was ten o'clock; time to go back to the bungalow. The new baby did

"Peter!" pleaded Emily. "You've *got* to let him go. If you make him break his promise, he'll have nothing left . . ."



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"You're not fit to clean his shoes, Harry." Gerry's voice shook as he spoke. "Oh God," said Peggy. "How long did Peter rehearse him?"

not kick so violently as Rodney had, but at six months it was an uncomfortable burden enough. So when Gerry had asked one more question of Dr. Parkash, she interrupted smoothly to say that they would be back at the hospital tomorrow to continue their discussion.

Dr. Parkash said: "Certainly, madame." He was a big buffalo of a man, who looked as if he should have been a wrestler. Peter had found him working with venomous gusto in Lahore two or three years ago, and persuaded him to come to the wilds of Rudwal to take charge of this tiny dispensary, whose façade was hardly long enough to support the name hand-painted in blue letters on a red board across the front of the veranda—THE MARCHIONESS OF CURZON AND KEDLESTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

Gerry's convalescence had been a long one, and it was the hospital, and the plans for a new, bigger one, that had done the most to lift him out of the strange world of physical sickness and mental inertia wherein he had lived for the first four months after he had come back from Maru. He sat for hours at a time while Dr. Parkash dealt with cuts, glaucoma, dysentery, tuberculosis, leopard slashes, hookworm. He had even watched operations with awed attention, and learned enough about operating-room procedure to be more than a little help to the doctor.

From that he had progressed to administration. He wanted to know what hospitals cost to build and run; how nurses were trained, and by whom; where the medicines and the instruments and the beds came from. But the foundation of his interest was always in the individual man or woman. He thought like a doctor.

Peter had noticed that, of course, and suggested that Gerry might do some work for the new hospital committee—investigate different plans, talk to the architects in Lahore, in general help to make the decisions that would be put into effect as soon as an additional *lakh* of rupees was raised. Gerry had agreed eagerly, and this latest visit was one of several he and Emily had made to Dr. Parkash to talk over with him his ideas on what was needed.

Gerry was physically well now, though his face was thin, his eyes sunk a little deeper in his head, the structure of his bones clearer under the fair skin, the skin itself more deeply grooved. There had been many things wrong with him when he came back from Maru, and none of them ordinary.

Now, as they walked back from the hospital, Gerry said suddenly: "Peter agrees that I ought to go back to England soon. That undersecretaryship is waiting for me—and they'll have to give it to someone else if I don't turn up in the next two or three months."

She said, to gain a minute: "Are you sure you're fit enough? And what about the hospital? Haven't you got a lot of work to do there?"

Gerry shook his head. "Nearly all done," he said. "In a month I can give Peter a full report and push off." He spoke without any emphasis.

They were outside the low wall of the bungalow now, standing beside the pillars guarding the entrance to the drive. Emily stopped and looked back over the city, so that Gerry stopped and turned with her. She said: "Don't go back to the India Office, Gerry. You're not cut out to be a governor—are you?"

Gerry laughed uneasily. "I don't think so myself, but I expect I could do as good a job as most."

"Is that enough?" she asked, pressing him. She nerved herself. "Are you sure you might not . . . find it too much? At a time when a lot depended on it?"

Gerry was white now, the blood gone from his face. He stood as brittle as a dead tree beside Emily. And her heart ached, because she knew the knife had struck home. She did not have to mention Peter's name. Peter was as ambitious for Gerry as he was for himself, and it was Gerry's secret terror that he would fail his friend again, in his career as he had on his mountain.

She went on: "*There* are the people you—no one—can fail, as long as you do your best, because that's all they ask. People who need you, Gerry." She pointed out over the jumbled roofs of the city. "All the sick people here. You should be a doctor, here in Rudwal, in the new hospital with Dr. Parkash. You should give Peter the rest of the money he needs—the money you've been saving to cover the expenses of being governor of a presidency."

"You know, I've thought of it," Gerry whispered breathlessly. "I diagnose every illness I see in the dispensary, and then listen to Parkash to find out whether I'm right. Only it seems so impossible."

"It's not impossible at all. You could study in England, and come back when you have your degree."

Gerry said: "It was just daydreaming. . . . I thought I'd go to England later. I thought it would be better to get my first M.B. in Lahore. If I was going to work in India, I should at least do some of my studying in Indian conditions."

"That sounds sensible," she said.

"The only thing is, it'll take so long," Gerry said. "Five or six years."

"What does that matter?" she said. "This is

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The opening number of Eric Ross's Dazzle Cabaret. The show, he says, "must grab attention from the very first second"

Ross's girls have to be able to sing, dance, do acrobatics, and "project happiness to an audience"—in canteens or Mayfair hotels

For a seaside act, the dancers select men from the audience and roll up their trouser legs. At one show they invited Lord Mountbatten, but he shook his head

There are twelve costume changes in the thirty-two minute show. "We change in most impossible places, even behind screens in a foyer corner," says Ross's daughter Brenda

A roller skating sequence is included in the twelve acts—none of which lasts longer than three minutes

The girls in Eric Ross's cabaret cram a twelve-act variety bill into thirty-two minutes. Even the clock has been stopped for what he claims is the . . .

Fastest show in town

by DON EVERITT

ERIC ROSS, a middle-aged showman with mobile features and a deceptively absent-minded air, claims that his Dazzle Cabaret is the fastest show in London. On a recent night the cabaret had three engagements. At ten to nine, Ross and the troupe arrived at the Park Lane Hotel to start work. At nine precisely, the show went on the floor.

Twelve acts and thirty-two minutes later, Ross, his musical director and his nine Grosvenor Girls took their final bow and dashed for their dressing-room. The girls changed from their scanty costumes, packed their bags and, within four minutes, sat in their three cars bound for the Connaught Rooms, on the other side of the West End.

At ten o'clock, as scheduled, the second show began. It ended at 10.32. Promptly at 11.15 the cabaret turned up on the dance floor of the Red Lion, in Hounslow, ten miles across London. By midnight, their day's work done in three hectic hours, the members of the troupe made their way home.

This particular evening was not exceptional. Ross, known as Rossy to show business people, presents one of London's more unusual entertainments, an itinerant cabaret. Through the winter season, from October to May, he stages his show at some three hundred dinners, dances, parties and other private functions.

Mostly, the cabaret fulfils two or three engagements an evening, appearing frequently at such fashionable hotels as Grosvenor House, the Dorchester and the Savoy.

The all-girl cabaret performs before widely varied audiences. Fifteen company directors booked the show for a private dinner party. A confectionery firm presented the Dazzle Cabaret at a celebration at the Royal Festival Hall, and a sausage and ice cream concern employed the girls at a similar function at the Albert Hall.

Once a year the cabaret performs at lunch in the canteen of a large motor works outside London.

"We do the show at three sittings on the trot," says Ross. "The plates and the cutlery clatter and thousands of workmen sit and chew and chew while they watch us. They've no time for applause. They troop out and thousands more take their place. Performers who finish that marathon lunchtime show still smiling and enthusiastic, as my girls do, can take on any audience."

Ross has built his business to such a position that his clients alter the dates of their functions to secure the cabaret's services. He attributes the popularity of the show to its pace. "A cabaret must grab the audience's attention from the very first second and never let go. You can't allow the people at the tables to start talking."

Ross packs twelve acts, none longer than three minutes, into the current thirty-two minute performance. The girls appear in a chorus line, as acrobatic clowns, on roller skates and in a tap dance. Ross's elder daughter, Sheila, does a comic impersonation of a Teddy Boy and appears in another comic number with three girls dressed as bearded sailors.

In one act the girls waltz with men from the audience, and in another they select six men, roll up their trouser legs and dress them as children at the seaside. Ross's younger daughter, Brenda, a coloratura soprano, sings in three of the acts. The show ends by custom with a patriotic number. "The finale this season, 'Rule Britannia,' has had a mixed reception. When our troops moved into Suez, the audiences stood and cheered. But for some time after the cease fire we had only lukewarm applause."

Half-an-hour to go between shows at two hotels. . . . Ross checks the time as the girls change and his wife (left) and the baggage man, Freddy Wybrew, help to pack costumes

MOST of the girls have five costume changes. Ross splits the work between them so that as one act ends another goes on. In the cause of speed, he seeks a dressing-room close by the platform or dance floor. His daughter Brenda says, "We have to change in the most impossible places: kitchens, cloakrooms, even in a corner of the foyer surrounded by screens."

The girls lay out their costumes in order of use and pack them into their cases after each act. Plumes and other appendages detach from the costumes for ease of packing. All this enables the troupe to be on the road to the next show within three minutes of leaving the cabaret floor. Throughout this constant hustle, Ross's wife, Ida, acts as "general utility woman, driving one of the cars, wielding a needle and cotton and safety pins when costumes split, keeping wolves at bay, and generally supervising proceedings."

The inevitable mishaps upset Ross's split-second timing. In the recreation block of a sugar factory in East London, five of the cabaret girls got trapped in a lift. They reached their next date an hour late. Girls' cases have been stolen, disrupting the cabaret routine at the last moment.

On the way from an engagement in Chigwell, Essex, to a Westminster hotel, three cases fell off the luggage rack of one of the cars. The police found and delivered the cases to the hotel at midnight, as the function there was about to end. "The hotel manager allowed us to do half the show."

Often, Ross and the girls arrive for an engagement on time to find their clients still eating or making speeches. This results in frantic telephone calls and dashes across London as Ross tries to rearrange the times of his subsequent shows.

After appearing early one evening before the Queen Mother in a charity show at the Scala Theatre, London, the cabaret found themselves delayed because they could not interrupt the orchestra to collect their music. "This lack of foresight made us about an hour late for three

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CARRS OF CARLISLE MAKE THEM

THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS · 4

We save a village from the firing squad

by DERRICK HARRISON, M.C.

Two hundred Germans were running wild. Homes blazed and the killings had begun. So we stormed in—all five of us

I SHOUTED to the jeep following mine: "Watch the hills around us." Germans were sure to be using them as observation posts yet, in full view of them, we were racing across a wide, open plain that shimmered in the heat haze of a brilliant August afternoon.

So exposed was the road, so seemingly endless and so thick with dust—huge, conspicuous clouds of it whirled up from under our wheels—that never before had I felt in such a vulnerable position.

It was 1944. Not only were we behind the enemy lines in France—a hundred miles, according to the latest reports, from the nearest invading Allied troops—but we were lost; completely lost.

Our circumstances were perilous enough without any extra hazards. As members of the Special Air Service, a secret regiment of spies and saboteurs in uniform, our task was to cripple German resistance against invasion.

Hitler called us "terrorists." Thousands of White Russian soldiers, notorious for their brutality, had orders to wipe us out. At least thirty of our men who had fallen into enemy hands had been executed.

Nevertheless, throughout north-east France, small, elusive units of the S.A.S. were derailing trains, blowing up petrol dumps, wrecking power

Barely ten seconds after we sped into the square, the Germans were firing back. And suddenly I realized that our fantastic plan would never work

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

and telephone systems. A speciality of my own unit, twenty-seven strong, was using jeeps armed with machine-guns to ambush German road convoys on their way to the front.

Our present troubles had started when the local Maquis, knowing this, had sent a message. "Heavy traffic," their courier said, "is on the road between Courtenay and Sens."

Early that day, with "Curly" Hall as my driver and accompanied by Lieutenant Stewart Richardson, his jeep and a crew of two, we had left our camp, hidden deep in the Forest of Merry-vaux, and set out for the road in question.

We thought that we faced a routine trip of twenty miles, keeping out of sight on unfrequented lanes. But after passing within two and a half miles of Joigny, a garrison town full of German troops, we found that the track leading us across the plain was not marked on my map.

We came to a village. Two men of the Maquis offered to show us the way.

But at 3 p.m., after a further hour's hard driving, we were just as lost as ever. I signalled a halt. "We must find that road before nightfall, or at least fix our position."

Ahead of us was a belt of woods. The jeeps accelerated through them. Suddenly, there was a flash of grey beneath us. At fifty miles per hour, we had done more than reach the road—we had shot straight across it.

Still going flat out, we tore along the cart-track opposite, past a railway station—people were standing on the platform—over a level crossing, past a signalbox and up a short hill into the cover of a wood. We waited anxiously for half an hour, but apparently no one had raised the alarm.

We were ideally placed for firing down on traffic. While the rest of the men prepared an ambush, Hall and I crept forward for a closer look at the main road. We lay behind a fern-covered bank.

What happened next was totally unexpected. Two men in civilian clothes strolled up the cart-track towards us. They went a few yards past where we lay, and stopped. They turned, as if to go back again, and gave no sign of having seen us.

Why, though, had they chosen to come where we were hiding? Were they spies working for the Germans? The possible danger was too enormous to let them go unchallenged. We slipped our carbines over the top of the bank.

I called in a stage whisper: "Come here!"

At once, they walked over without the slightest surprise. They had known about us all along. Hurriedly we pulled them down into the ferns.

The taller of the two men asked: "Are you with the Americans?"

"What Americans?"

"The ones who arrived in Courtenay this morning."

Americans in Courtenay! That was too much to believe. I took our visitors to be cross-examined by the Maquis guides, but the guides reported that the men were French villagers and, it seemed, trustworthy.

"This could be a trap," I said to the patrol, "yet if Americans *have* got as far as here, we ought to abandon the ambush and contact them. Shall we chance it?"

It was agreed that we should.

We left the wood and headed out on to the road. We would have made perfect targets, but fortunately it became obvious that the Maquis rumour of heavy traffic was an exaggeration. The road was deserted until we got to the outskirts of Courtenay.

We rounded a bend—to find ourselves looking down the gun barrel of a Sherman tank. The tank was parked outside a farmhouse. As we drove up, the gun swivelled round, still pointing at us, ready to fire.

The commander's head appeared. He stared in astonishment at the Union Jacks flying from our wireless aerials. "Where've you guys sprung from? I didn't think British were in these parts."

We explained who we were. He then said that his unit was about seventy miles in front of the main American advance.

That was important news. The German front line was retreating towards us quicker than we had thought. Soon, apparently, our operational zone, extending over some five hundred square miles, would be right in the area of activity immediately behind it. An even busier phase of our job was in prospect.

Next morning, loaded with cigarettes, sweets, tins of meat, cheese and other rations which the Americans had given us, we set off back to camp.

Our arrival in the village from which our guides had come electrified the place. Excited inhabitants, believing that liberation was imminent, danced in the streets, sang, waved flags, thrust glasses of wine into our hands and garlanded our jeeps with flowers until they looked like carnival floats.

At 2 p.m., having got back to camp safely by relying more on a compass than on my map, I heard a jeep starting up. It was Stewart's. I called to him: "Where are you going?"

"To the Maquis workshops at Aillant. One of my gun mountings has broken."

"Wait a minute. I'll come and keep you company."

Hall drove up with my jeep. Stewart's driver was an ex-tank man named Brearton. The other member of his crew was Fauchois, a dark, stocky Frenchman. When Stewart had announced the trip to Aillant, he had eagerly volunteered to come as rear gunner.

My jeep led the expedition. We were about to leave the forest and turn into a lane when I saw a curl of smoke above some trees to the left. We stopped. Stewart ran up to me. I pointed. "What do you make of that?"

"It seems to be coming from Les Ormes," he said.

We drove towards the smoke, which climbed even higher, darker and more menacing. As we passed round a bend in the road and topped a hill I signalled another halt. We were at a crossroads. Two miles on our left was Sommecaise, and on our right the road led up to Aillant.

In front of us, beginning not more than a hundred yards away, was the grey, stone-built village of Les Ormes, normally quiet and peaceful, a sunny backwater, but now stricken, gripped in a tragedy which I could not see nor comprehend, but only sense. Four houses, perhaps more, were on fire. And above the roar of the flames we heard the sound of shots.

While I paused, deciding what to do, an elderly, white-haired woman cycled towards us, head down, pedalling furiously. On seeing us she stopped. Her face was contorted with grief. Tears poured down her cheeks.

"Save yourselves!" she called out. "Germans! *There!*" She indicated the village. "I'm going to Aillant to fetch the Maquis."

"Just a moment," I said. "How many Germans?"

She shrugged. "Two hundred—maybe more. Who can say? A lot, anyway. Too many for you. I must go."

"Don't," I said. "We've got jeeps. Leave it to us."

The woman hesitated. Then, thanking us, she slowly returned into the village.

The patrol gathered round me. My mind was made up, but I wanted the reactions of the others. "Shall we go for the Maquis," I asked, "or attack the Germans ourselves?"

Fauchois spoke first. "I say attack," he said.

I turned to Hall, who had been with me in Sicily and Italy, in some of the toughest battles fought by the S.A.S., and had often told us, in all seriousness, that his life was protected because he carried a lucky charm—a small wooden shoe. "It's six miles to Aillant," he said. "When we have fetched the Maquis it might be too late."

"Brearton?" I asked.

"Let's have a crack at them."

"And you, Stewart?"

"I agree with Hall. There isn't time to get help."

"Good," I said. "That's exactly how I feel."

The road which faced us entered one end of the village. The main part of the village, where the houses were burning and where, presumably, the enemy were concentrated, was over to the left. Since there were only five of us, our chief weapon would have to be surprise. With all possible speed we would go forward, turn sharp left, right through the village centre, firing at whatever targets we could see, and dash away out into the nearest forest.

"The odds against us pulling it off are fifty to one," I said, "but perhaps we can give the Germans such a fright they won't know what's happening. Agreed?"

They nodded.

We climbed back into the jeeps. I took up

Roy Close, at home with his wife and son David. When his patrol ambushed one enemy convoy, the Germans fired back with concealed guns

On landing in France, Tony Marsh helped to rout a convoy—and drove away in a German staff car

Harrison (second right) and Hall (fourth left) with American advance troops in a freed French village. In one town still held by the Germans, S.A.S. men were mistakenly greeted as liberators

my position behind the twin machine-guns at the front of my vehicle; Hall sat on my left. Stewart and Brearton were similarly placed in the jeep behind. Fauchois crouched at their rear guns.

"Ready?" I shouted to Stewart.

"Yes."

We accelerated through a narrow, curved street and into a square, in the centre of which stood a high-roofed church ringed by trees. Then I saw that we had come across the enemy much sooner than I had expected.

Parked along the far side of the square was a row of staff cars and lorries. Around them were soldiers, idly standing, chatting, smoking—and watching.

Two French civilians had been executed by a firing squad. Their bodies lay by the door of the church, crumpled in blood. An S.S. officer, tall and immaculate in a blue tunic and black breeches, had just given one of them the *coup de grâce* with his revolver.

The moment he heard us he wheeled round and looked up. I squeezed the triggers. A stream of bullets ripped through him. He fell, the involuntary contraction of his hand causing him to shoot once more. The shot ricocheted off the ground.

I swung my guns higher, raking the cars and lorries with fire. Instantly, the square became a confused scene of men running for cover, shouting and waving, officers giving orders, the wounded screaming, petrol tanks exploding.

Even as I fired I knew that the plan for going through the village could never be achieved. "Reverse!" I yelled to Hall. "Reverse!"

The jeep stopped. By now the Germans had recovered their wits. Barely ten seconds after we had burst in on them they were shooting back. The firing squad had scattered and was taking aim from behind the trees round the church. More Germans were firing from beside the blazing lorries. Others appeared at the upstairs windows of houses.

In the excitement which overwhelmed me I did something which I had forbidden my men to do. I raised my head from behind the cover of my guns and sat on the back of the seat.

The jeep was still stationary. Again, more urgently, I yelled: "Reverse!"

I looked down. Hall had collapsed over the wheel, blood seeping through holes in his side, chest and forehead. Bullets from a machine-gun somewhere to my right had passed between my elbows and knees and hit him.

Frantically, I pressed the starter-button with my foot. But the engine gave no response. It had taken the same burst as Hall.

Then my machine-guns jammed. No time to clear them. I leaped out and snatched the rear machine-gun off its mounting. It fired two short bursts. And then that jammed, too.

A dud jeep and three jammed guns. Hell, what a mess!

Absorbed in my own troubles, I had forgotten about the second jeep. I became aware of its guns hammering away over my shoulder. It had not fully entered the square, but had drawn up against the high garden wall of a house on the corner.

My plight was desperate. I flung the machine-gun back into the jeep and took up my carbine. Luckily it was semi-automatic. I fired fifteen rounds and changed the magazine—once, twice, three times, fumbling because the middle finger of my left hand, which I had broken while parachuting into France, was in a splint. I shot from the hip at any movement I saw.

A German darted from behind a lorry towards a house. I fired. He pitched on to his face.

I went to Hall. Maybe he was alive. I had to get him to safety. As I bent down to raise his limp body, a sniper stepped from a door on my right. I fired. The sniper fell. Aim was instinctive.

SOMEHOW I managed to get Hall on to the road. Germans had run inside the house on the corner overlooking Stewart's jeep. One of them loomed at an upper window, about to shoot Fauchois. Brearton spotted him. Wresting the guns from Fauchois, Brearton aimed tracer and incendiary bullets at the window. The German screamed, spun and fell in a cascade of glass and flame.

Opposite me the enemy increased their fire with such fury that I was compelled to leave Hall on the ground. Tracer bullets, bright orange, were coming at me. They were so clearly visible that instinctively I dodged them, weaving from side to side, like a boxer.

Stewart, who had left his jeep and was pressed against a wall, having picked off a German hiding in the church doorway, gave a shout: "Look out! The orchard on your left!"

About a dozen of the enemy were running through the trees, rifles in their hands, hoping to outflank me. I fired as fast as I could. They dropped out of sight.

Fauchois had now come up and was dragging Hall away.

"Is he dead?" shouted Stewart.

"Yes."

"Get back." I ordered.

Fauchois pretended not to hear me. He was standing in the open and attracting all the fire. There was no sense in getting another man killed.

I spoke more sharply. "Get back, you fool! Leave him!"

Fauchois ran to his jeep. The firing from the Germans became spasmodic and stopped. An eerie silence, charged with tension, settled over the square.

Crouching behind my jeep, I wondered how many magazines I had left. I realized with a shock that I did not know. Suddenly, I also remembered that the date was August 23—my wedding anniversary. My wife, I thought, will never forgive me if I get myself killed today of all days.

The peace was broken by the whine of a bullet. My right hand jerked and went numb. It was smothered with hot blood. The bullet had passed between the palm of my hand and the butt of the carbine. The Germans had seen me jump with pain. They renewed their fire.

The jeep behind me was silent. What had happened? Had the others been hit?

I dared not look round. Keep on firing . . . keep on firing. . . . The words raced through my head.

A German moved from behind a tree to take more careful aim. I lifted the carbine and squeezed the trigger. Nothing happened. The German's bullet grazed my knuckles.

I examined the gun. Two rounds were stuck in the breech. I felt for my Colt automatic instead. But the holster was empty. The revolver had fallen out.

My only hope was to get the carbine working again. I struggled with it feverishly, the blood from my wound making the metal almost too slippery to grasp, and succeeded in freeing the rounds, clipping in a fresh magazine, and firing.

I heard Stewart shout: "Run for it." I also heard the wild revving of his jeep. It had not been firing because Brearton had coolly done a

Continued on page 44

Honest Faces

Some people might have been fooled . . . but not my aunt. Oh no! She knows appearances can be deceptive

by GEORGE BRADSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

I BECAME involved innocently enough in the affair of my aunt. We were making a round of some picture dealers one afternoon, and I casually introduced her to Manescu.

Now my aunt thinks of herself as something of a knowing one about pictures. Her husband, good man, left her ten or a dozen really fine impressionist paintings, which she keeps, properly hung and devoutly lit, in the South Kensington flat she shares with her daughter, Helena. Whether she really thinks them pretty, or is simply impressed by their enormous value, I have never been quite sure. But that in a general way she knows nothing about paintings, I do know.

For I do. As someone else might have for hashish or a good game of chess, I have a passion for pictures. I have spent a great deal of time for a great many years looking at them; I will not excuse myself, it is a fact.

So I know Manescu. He is a dealer who has a gallery in Bond Street, not one of the great places, but celebrated enough. He has a few shows during a year, but he cultivates no stable of painters. His business rather is to find the single, excellent painting and to sell it to the single, solvent patron. He has a staggering memory, he knows where almost every good picture is in Europe and America, who is likely to sell, how badly they need money, and who is willing to buy.

He is a Rumanian and, like many Rumanians, he has long been an exile from his country. He is not tall, he has a smooth, sweet face, and his manner is weary and a little detached, as if he had knowledge of things you or I could never be expected to understand. And indeed he may have; life for refugee Middle Europeans has not been easy these last twenty years.

I like him. He once told me the details of a picture smuggling operation in France during the war which I was able to use in a story, and I am grateful. And he isn't without wit. "If I have a dishonest face, it is a congenital pose," is a sentence of his. "Honest faces are so rightfully suspect."

This story really begins six months later, on an afternoon in spring, when my aunt summoned me—that is the word—to South Kensington.

I knew already that she and Manescu had become friends, or rather enthusiastic acquaintances, and that, before she had gone to Bermuda for the winter, she had lent him her Monet. He was having a show while she was gone, and needed, beside his own, a few extra paintings to fill up his room.

Cousin Helena smiled at me decoratively when I arrived, but my aunt's kiss was chill. She led me straight to the drawing-room. "Look," she said, and pointed to the Monet, now back in its accustomed place.

I looked. It is a lovely Monet: a section of an Argenteuil garden, with banks of irises swimming in sunlight.

"It looks brighter than ever," I said. "And it has a new frame. At last."

My aunt did not answer.

"Well," I said, "what?"

My aunt's voice was very steady, and she said: "That is not the picture I lent Manescu. It is a copy. You said yourself it looked brighter. You said yourself it had a new frame. What I say is, it's a new picture."

"Oh, come," I said.

My aunt screamed at me. "Look at the back, at the canvas. Look at the stretcher. New! New, new, everything new! I imagine I can tell my own picture."

"Really," I said. "There's an explanation. Manescu wouldn't be such a fool."

"That he can prove in court," my aunt said, her voice hot with resentment. "I am suing him. My solicitor has already issued the writ. I knew that if I waited until I saw you, you would try to dissuade me, since"—this was venom—"since Manescu is your *friend*."

"Oh come on," I said. "Wait a minute. Calm down. . . ."

BUT, as I might have known, it turned out that I was the one who had to calm down. My aunt had done exactly as she said. She was suing Manescu for £20,000. Nothing I could say would budge her, and the next morning the news was in the papers and the fat was in the fire.

And, of course, this was a mortal blow to Manescu. At one stroke, his reputation, his future, his livelihood, were destroyed. When I went around to see him, he was, to say the least, bitter.

"Your aunt is stupid," he said. "We all knew that. But stupidity is no excuse for viciousness. I did not take her picture, and I will make her pay, my friend, through the nose."

"Manescu," I said, "what happened? The new stretcher, the new frame. . . ."

He opened his hands patiently to me. "I have tried to tell her, but she won't listen. She screams. Now. There was a little accident. As I was hanging that show, the Monet fell, just a little way, but it fractured the frame. You remember it, a worthless, painted plaster frame, so I thought to do something nice. A new frame. The picture deserved it."

"It did," I said.

"When I took the frame off, I examined the picture. It was not in good shape. Your silly aunt has kept it in that flat of hers how many

There was the painting, back in

its accustomed place. "Look at the back, at the canvas," my aunt screamed at me. "New, new, everything new! I imagine I can tell my own picture"

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ON the doorstep of Australian civilization, there is a wild, savage land of cannibal tribes, crocodile worship—and murder by witchcraft. Syd Kyle-Little patrolled that primitive world as a native affairs officer. Next week he begins his story of real-life adventure in the . . .

LAND OF SINGING DEATH

years I don't know, in very unsatisfactory conditions. The canvas was brittle, the paint filthy. So I went the whole way. I called in Hobbs. You can ask him." (Hobbs was probably the best restorer and cleaner of pictures in London.) "And he told me that to preserve the canvas he must mount it on new canvas. That explains the new canvas, the new stretcher. And he cleaned it. That explains the new beauty, which your aunt cannot comprehend."

"Perhaps what worries my aunt is that the *provenance* is gone. If you could. . . ."

Manescu shrugged. "That picture needs no *provenance*. It proclaims itself. Bring on all the experts. They will tell."

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might as well explain here what *provenance* means. The literal translation is "origin," but so far as a picture is concerned it means history as well as origin. As applied to a picture physically, it means all the stickers and labels attached to its back—the identification tags of dealers, museums, exhibitions and the like. With a famous picture you can often tell where it has been pretty accurately for the last fifty or sixty years simply by the evidence pasted on its frame. In a larger sense, a painting's *provenance* includes its reproductions and its mentions in catalogues, books, articles, and so on. Of course the *provenance* of a minor picture is more valuable than that of a major one. Manescu was quite right. My aunt's Monet proclaimed itself.

"Don't think," Manescu told me, "I will treat this as an endearing eccentricity of an old lady. I will make your aunt pay, my friend."

I believed him, and since I was pretty sure I could get nowhere with my aunt, I went to her solicitor. He was a nice man whose knowledge of art was slight but whose respect for the rules of evidence was considerable. At first, naturally enough, he put me off with: "My dear fellow, your aunt's a connoisseur, surely she can tell her own pictures. . . ." But eventually I was able to alarm him to a point where he agreed that some experts should be called in before he went any farther.

This suggestion was smugly accepted by my aunt and I managed to round up an impressive panel for the judging: four great scholars in impressionism, and Hobbs, who had done the cleaning.

Well, they judged. They each came separately, but they spoke as if together, with one voice; this was the true, the real, the veritable Monet. Moreover it was Monet pure, at his best. No copyist could ever hope to reproduce those wonderful, sure, daring brush strokes. The *expertise* was not only positive, it was ecstatic.

My aunt, of course, had her normal reaction. She was furious. The next day she took to her bed with some convenient disease which prevented her seeing anyone. She sent word to her solicitor to withdraw her writ.

I wish I could say that Manescu had acted in the same aristocratic manner. But when he got wind—as I suppose he had to—of what had happened, he sued for damages for £50,000, an amount which, unfortunately, my aunt happened to have.

Now we come to the awkward part of my story. No matter how I put it, the next thing that happened was a coincidence. I don't know why we should look askance at a coincidence in print; when one actually happens, it is usually an exciting or heart-warming break in the monotony, and we love it; but in print, well, there is a convention.

As I try to make plain, I write for a living. About a month or six weeks after the affair of my aunt, a magazine sent me to Japan to do a series of articles.

Three or four weeks after I arrived I went on a free afternoon to have a look at the National Museum. A fellow I know, an American named Ed Howard, went with me, and he pointed out the treasures and generally steered me round.

In the middle of our wanderings we suddenly came on a wing which had a loan exhibition of Western art. We went in, for I knew that before the war, at least, some of the great Japanese collectors had been purchasers of French art, from the impressionists on.

I wasn't disappointed. Matisse, as expected, was well represented, and all the other great names were there, in good examples.

Unexpectedly I turned a corner. And I saw, at the end of a gallery, alone against a white wall, my aunt's Monet: Irises swimming in sunlight.

I went and stood before it. I knew these irises. I had seen them a thousand times, studied them, loved them. Only these were not they.

It was a copy; a brilliant one, but a copy. The forger had had all the talents of Monet except one—original invention. There was something a little too careful about it, a kind of imperceptible stiffness, which betrayed the false hand. I do not claim an infallible eye; if I had never seen the picture before, I would undoubtedly have accepted it as real, but I had seen it, a thousand times.

And something else troubled me. As I stood there looking, I felt something peculiarly familiar about the whole thing, until suddenly I looked at the frame. That was it. It was my aunt's unlovely, well-remembered frame.

I did something I shouldn't have done. I seized the picture, pulled it away from the wall, turned it round, and there, of course, on the back, were all the old familiar labels, the irises' *provenance*, which claimed indubitably that this was real and right.

Ed Howard said to me: "What's the matter? You out of your mind?"

In an instant, of course, there were five Japanese guards beside me, polite but unpleased. I apologized as best I could, returned the picture, and we left the museum.

"These crazy British!" Ed Howard said. . . .

I thought a great deal, on the way back to London, about what I ought to do. I am afraid I couldn't help admiring the brain that had thought up the whole idea. It is so simple. You get hold of a good picture. You steal its history, return the picture, attach the history to a forgery. So easy—once someone has thought it up.

I decided, in the end, to do as little as possible. Oh, I saw Manescu, and, with nothing so ugly as a threat, got him to withdraw his suit against my aunt. Manescu is an amusing fellow, really; he deserved something a little better than to have cards laid badly on the table.

As for my aunt, I told her only that I had been able, for friendship's sake, to get Manescu to forget and forgive.

She was relieved, I am sure, but she managed to keep her feelings under control.

All she said was: "You must promise me, dear boy, *never* to introduce me to any of your horrid friends again. Do you hear?"

I heard, and I promised. THE END

When the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, last visited France, elaborate precautions were taken to protect her. The River Seine was swept for mines, and tramps were cleared from under its bridges

Albayez outlines security plans to President Coty. To guard Tito he called on 20,000 men

The Frenchman who will protect the Queen

by RUSSELL DEAN

Amid the stately pomp of the Royal visit to France, Georges Albayez will be on guard—waiting for the first sinister move

A CORDON of police was thrown round the port and maritime station of Dunkirk when the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, landed in France with Prince Philip for her visit to Paris in 1948. The Palestine troubles were reaching their climax, and members of the notorious Stern Gang were known to be in France. French security authorities were taking no chances.

Every fifty yards along the track from the coast to the capital, gendarmes and railway workers in white smocks were on guard. Armed men watched all railway points and guarded tunnels and bridges.

At the centre of this elaborate security network sat Georges Albayez, a dynamic little man with a mane of white hair and startlingly blue eyes, who is head of the *Service des Voyages Officiels et Securité des Hautes Personalités*, the police department responsible for protecting important foreign visitors. On April 8, when the Queen again lands in France, this time by air at Orly Airport, the same Monsieur Albayez will be responsible for her safety. For months past, he has been working on the plan from an office on the third floor of a modern building sandwiched between shops in the rue Faubourg St. Honoré in Paris.

When the Queen lunches, on the second day of her visit, with a large company of guests in the famous Hall of Mirrors in the Château of Versailles, Albayez will eat his meal in a small adjacent room.

From where he sits he will be able to see the Queen, watch the main entrance door to the hall, and guard the door through which waiters will carry food and wine to the guests.

The château will be closed to the public for several days before the Royal visit. Police will search rooms and furniture for bombs.

When the Queen holds a reception for Commonwealth ambassadors in a pavilion in the château grounds, Albayez will move discreetly among the guests.

As the Queen's personal guard, Albayez will wear plain clothes, but will be armed. He will be assisted by another senior police official, and two Scotland Yard detectives.

Wherever the Queen goes in France, Albayez will be watching, unobtrusively, in the background. During the Queen's visits outside Paris Albayez will stay close to her in public.

Though he can call on as many thousands of troops, police, firemen and agents of the *Sûreté Nationale* (France's Scotland Yard) as he feels necessary, he works with a staff of one male assistant and two women secretaries.

When Marshal Tito visited France last May and decided to travel by train for nearly a thousand miles, the prefect of every department through which the train would pass had to be written to, with detailed instructions for implementing "Security Plan No. 1." On each of the marshal's journeys, sentries were stationed along the line, a locomotive carrying security men went ahead of his train, testing the track for mines, and two fast cars sped across the countryside, keeping level with the train wherever it went. "This was in case of an attack in an isolated spot," says Monsieur Albayez. "My men could have been on the scene within minutes—perhaps even within seconds."

Albayez gave Paris the air of an armed camp during the week of Tito's visit. More than 20,000 police, troops, Sûreté men and firemen (always used in France to guard the rooftops) were mobilized to protect the visitor. About eighty Yugoslav emigrés living in Paris, who had particular reason for hating Tito, were flown to Corsica in two aircraft. There they lived like wealthy tourists in luxury hotels until they were flown back when the visit was over. Some of them thanked Albayez personally for his action. "If I had been in Paris at the same time as Tito, I could not have controlled myself," one admitted.

Tito arrived at the small, quaint railway station, specially reserved for state visitors, which stands in the Bois de Boulogne on the outskirts of Paris. It is served by a disused suburban line, only opened when foreign potentates are expected. Travelling by air, the Queen will not need to use this station. But her father, King George VI, arrived there when he paid a state visit to Paris in 1938.

As is usual on these occasions, armed police

Continued on page 32

who's for WOOL?

who's for NYLON?

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THEY STAY UP BY THEMSELVES

Sylvia, four months old, was born in Chester Zoo. Her mother, Meg, is a flirt who likes to set the male chimpanzees fighting over her

My wagonload of monkeys

by ZENON DIXON

With their mimicry and mischief, my chimpanzees are born comics. But it's awkward when they try to undress visitors

Dixon serves drinks for Joey (right) and Dolourosa. Joey once escaped from his cage and was found with a family in one of the zoo restaurants, sedately sucking an ice-cream cornet

THE schoolmaster was a pompous, self-important little man. When he brought his class of boys to Chester Zoo one summer day in 1954, he marched them round in crocodile formation. Arriving at the chimpanzees, he lined up the boys in three rows facing the cage. I stood and watched: I was curious to see the chimps' reaction.

The boys listened, glum and listless, as the master embarked on a boring and inaccurate lecture on the characteristics and behaviour of "the almost human animal." There was earth lying in the cage which previous visitors had thrown in to tease the chimps, and pools of rainwater on the uneven surface of the concrete floor. I noticed one chimp, Wilfred, gathering earth. He dipped it in rainwater and began kneading it into squelchy pancakes.

Moving closer to the cage, the schoolmaster droned on—until a blob of wet mud caught him full in the face. A rapid fusillade of mud followed, sending him reeling backwards.

For a moment the schoolboys were shocked and silent. Then from the chimps' cage came a cackling laugh, then another and another. The ranks broke and every boy let himself go in peals of helpless laughter. As well as cheering a bunch of depressed schoolboys, the chimps also provided an impromptu sideshow for other visitors—and for themselves.

The chimp is a natural entertainer. A gift of mimicry and a mischievous sense of fun make him a must for zoos and circuses all over the world. At Chester, we have fifteen chimps—one of the biggest collections in the country. Today, they have a unique £20,000 building on three levels which includes ten separate cages and covered runs, as well as a half-acre open-air playground.

As their keeper, I have come to know all the chimps as individuals and as friends. I have learned a lot about their intelligence and the ways in which they are like and unlike human beings.

Scientific comparison has proved that, next to man, the chimp is the brightest animal in the world. Given sympathy and understanding, his intelligence can be developed and he can be taught to do things beyond the scope of other animals. At one United States zoo, chimps drive miniature cars and serve drinks behind a counter. Last August Joey, an astute, friendly six-year-old from Sierre Leone, who is the cleverest member of the Chester chimp family, was seen with me on television, enjoying a glass of beer and a cigarette.

Scientists regard the study of chimpanzees—they rank as Great Apes, which are members of the monkey tribe—to be important because their emotional behaviour resembles our own. They cannot be kept happy simply with food, exercise and clean living-quarters. They crave attention, love and demonstrative affection as young children do. In many ways the chimp is like a young child—an irresponsible child, with neither moral code nor social inhibitions, living for the moment, a slave to his emotions, affectionate, mischievous and insatiably curious.

Scientists such as the American Dr. Robert Yerkes, who has made a lifework of comparing chimpanzees with humans, sometimes get results accidentally. Moos, a chimp in Yerkes's care, was once visited by a physician because it was suspected that something was wrong with his mouth, a serious matter for an ape. The physician found nothing wrong with Moos's mouth and turned to leave. The chimp grabbed his coat, pulled him back and then pointed with a huge

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

forefinger to a spot on his gum. Sure enough there was a swelling there—a canine tooth that hadn't come through. Another scientist, curious to see how a chimp behaved when not under observation, tiptoed to the chimp's room and put his eye to the keyhole. All he saw was a beady eye peering back at him.

In the nine years that I have worked with chimpanzees I have often been surprised at their "human" intelligence. But not all chimps are clever and lively; some, like their human counterparts, are dimwits and dullards. And their intelligence varies in type. I have always regarded Prince, who came to us with Baldon from a circus, as something of a simpleton, yet he was once the star turn of a cycling and acrobatic team.

The leader of the Chester chimps is Elmer, a boisterous ten-year-old who loves throwing things and is expert at luring people close to him and then squirting them with mouthfuls of water. Simon, Elmer's nine-year-old playmate, enjoys spoiling the other chimps' games—they will often run to Elmer and persuade him to give Simon a good hiding. In the evening, when I call the chimps in from their playground, Simon takes notice. To get the others in, I sometimes have to use a pail of warm water, which I flick at them: chimps loathe water. Apart from verbal rebukes, this is the only form of chastisement I ever use.

MEG, who is eight and a half and the mother of four-month-old Sylvia, is quiet and nervous. But she likes male attention and enjoys setting two males fighting over her.

Solomon, a mischievous disturber of the peace whose favourite game is touch and run, is astute and, as chimps go, obedient.

Joey has all-round intelligence. Until he grew too large, he used to mix freely with visitors, eat and drink with them in the zoo's cafés and restaurants, and ride on boats in the lake: he steers very well. When we began limiting his freedom, he found ways of escaping. Once he scraped footholds with a six-inch nail in a wall made of concrete blocks and clambered over. I found him with a family in the north restaurant, sucking an ice-cream cornet.

When we moved the chimps to their new quarters eighteen months ago, Joey began catching the ducks that settle on the water separating their playground from the footpath.

How he caught them was a mystery. I decided to find out. One day, after serving the morning meal and cleaning out the cages, I settled down by the water's edge to watch Joey on the opposite bank. First he made a pile of crusts from pieces of bun and sandwich that visitors had thrown in. Then he began casually throwing crumbs into the water. The greedy ducks gobbled them up.

Gradually, Joey reduced the distance of his throw. The ducks came closer. One, bolder than the rest, paddled to within three feet of where Joey squatted, bland and apparently unconcerned. In a flash the chimp lunged out, caught the stupid bird, twisted it round his head a few times, then wrung its neck. The ducks still come to the playground and Joey still catches them: one every few weeks.

Another day I noticed Joey lobbing stones into the water. On closer inspection, I found that he was aiming the stones so that they fell behind an apple which was bobbing in the water out of his reach. The stones made the water ripple and the ripples eventually brought the apple within his reach. I once saw him squatting on the bank plucking reeds and plaiting them together. With the rod that he formed with the reeds, he was able to pull in a piece of wood that interested him.

In summertime I use a net every week or so to drag bottles, tins, cardboard cartons and other objects from the water. But now I often leave it to Joey. He makes a very efficient job of it, visitors are amused to watch him, and it helps to keep him happy.

Chimps are very easily bored and it is a constant battle to keep them amused. Clothes for dressing-up, children's games, toys and sweets are a help, but they do not satisfy a chimp's craving for new amusements. I used to give the young ones ropes to swing on until one day I found a frightened chimp hanging by one finger. He had unthreaded the rope, swung on it and twined his finger in the strands.

All the chimps are noticeably happier and healthier since they moved to their new home with its large open-air playground. As well as watching the chimps at play across the water, visitors can also watch them under cover from a raised platform which has toughened-glass windows on each side. One side overlooks the playground and the other side overlooks the runs.

There was no glass in the windows, however, when the chimps moved in. The move was a simple operation with most of the chimps: I simply led them by the hand from their old quarters, past the tropical birds, over the bridge by the lake, past the giraffe house and into their new home. But

Joey has appeared with Dixon on television, smoking and drinking. He can also steer boats on the zoo lake

Elmer, who stands five feet high on two feet and weighs about 280 pounds, was more of a problem. I had to coax him into a movable cage, which was then raised on to a lorry.

Five minutes after seeing Elmer off I heard a commotion coming from the new chimp house. I rushed over in time to see maintenance men scattering in all directions (I learned later that two men locked themselves in a cage). Elmer had escaped. When he was let loose in his run he had leaped on to the observation corridor ten feet from the ground, jumped into an adjoining field and made off in the direction of the main road.

George Mottershead, the zoo's director, joined in the search. We found Elmer sitting in a field a few hundred yards from the chimp house, looking bewildered and frightened in his strange surroundings.

When Elmer spied Mottershead he picked up a length of wood, snapped it like a matchstick across his knee and hurled it at him. Luckily, his aim was poor that day.

"He seems a bit nervous of me," Mottershead said. "You had better carry on by yourself, Ziggy. He knows you better than he knows me."

I knew Elmer would not hurt me as long as I kept my head. I walked slowly towards him, talking reassuringly. His face, arms and legs were covered in mud. He let me wipe off the mud with a handkerchief. I patted his head, talked to him for a few minutes more, then led him, unprotesting, back to the chimp house.

"You made it look very easy," another keeper remarked later that day. "I would not like to have handled him."

"*You* couldn't have handled him," I said.

I wasn't boasting. I do not have any unusual power over the chimps. I can handle them when others cannot because patience, understanding and close daily contact have made them my friends. They trust me and I trust them—but I don't take foolish risks. A playful cuff from, say, Elmer, would have as much force as a Rocky Marciano knockout. He has terrific strength and enjoys using it. Without much trouble he can lift one of the metal pontoons that bridge the water in the playground and carry it about. It takes four men to move the pontoon back into position.

Once you have gained a chimp's confidence you can be sure that he will let you know if he is unwell. A few weeks ago, Babu showed me a boil on her toe which she was trying to puncture with a piece of straw. Entering her cage, I sterilized a needle, punctured it for her—and received a hug of thanks.

IF they are well cared for, chimps are healthy creatures, but in winter they need closer attention, for they are quick to catch coughs and colds and are susceptible to human ailments such as bronchitis and pneumonia. In winter I add malt and cod liver oil to their normal diet of milk, fruit, fresh vegetables and brown bread. If necessary, I rub their bodies with mentholated ointment. I have a flat inside the zoo grounds, so I am always on hand if they need me.

I spend seven days a week with my chimp family—feeding, amusing, comforting, scolding and occasionally nursing them. And, whenever I have the time, watching them at play.

On the morning of December 22, 1955—my birthday—I found Wilfred, who shared a cage with Elmer, lying dead on the straw of his cage. The post-mortem revealed that he had a severe bruise over his heart, almost certainly caused by a playful kick of Elmer's hind leg.

I cried when I found Wilfred dead. He was a playful, affectionate little fellow whom I knew as well as I knew any human being—and liked a lot more than most humans.

Elmer felt no grief as far as I could judge, only bewilderment, and that did not last long. Next day he was romping happily in the playground.

Before letting the chimps out in the morning I always make sure that there is nothing dangerous lying around. I often warn visitors about throwing dangerous objects into the playground for their own sakes as well as the chimps'. One high-spirited youngster who threw a ginger-beer bottle saw the bottle hurtling back at him.

A FEW months ago Elmer caught his finger in the broken-off neck of a milk bottle. The glass had cut his hand and his own efforts to remove it were only injuring him more. I found a hammer and coaxed Elmer up into his cage. For two hours I talked to him through the bars, trying to coax him towards me. It didn't work. He was too frightened and suspicious.

Next morning I began again, just talking to gain his confidence. After an hour or so he came over. He saw the hammer and, I am sure, knew what I was going to do.

I said: "Elmer, show me your hand."

He put his arm between the bars. In one movement I lifted the hammer and broke the glass around his finger. With a cry of fear and pain, Elmer grabbed for the hammer and lunged at me with his other hand, catching me a glancing blow on the head. Then he scurried to a corner, whimpering and licking his injured finger.

I was not badly hurt and I could not afford to leave Elmer angry and suspicious of me. I stayed talking to him. He must have thought things over, for in a few minutes he came over to me and held out his injured hand for my inspection. I stroked and patted his head. We were friends again.

A sudden movement was necessary to break the glass, but normally my actions are always slow and deliberate. Chimps are quick to anger and, however tame, they can be dangerous when thwarted. Mary, a chimp we had at Chester some years ago, used to walk round the zoo on a lead and mix freely with visitors. Dressing-up was her favourite pastime. A young woman member of the zoological society which controls Chester Zoo used to bring clothes for her regularly. But one day she brought nothing at all.

As usual, Mary left her cage to greet her. Catching sight of the woman's blouse—identical to the one she had brought for Mary on her previous visit—the chimp rushed forward with a whimper of excitement, unbuttoned the blouse, took it off and donned it herself.

It was an embarrassing moment for the young woman as there were a number of people watching, but she was sensible enough not to resist. Had she done so, Mary might have turned nasty.

If you have lived with chimps as long as I have it is not difficult to understand how they feel about things. Today, I know all the grunts, screeches, gestures and postures they use to communicate with each other. And they seem to understand all that I say to them.

It is a curious fact that, although chimps have the physical equipment for speech, they make no attempt to copy it. But they study and mimic other human actions with astonishing accuracy. After watching a young woman making up her face, Joey asked for her powder and lipstick and gave a perfect imitation which sent the girl's boy friend into fits of laughter.

Maintenance men working close to the old chimp house once left their tools close to the cage during their lunch break. When they returned all the chimps were loose. Using screwdriver, hammer and spanners, they had literally dismantled the cage. All were quickly rounded up, except one. Mottershead found him in his garage. He was up in the roof, happily sawing through the rafters. THE END

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bright as
can be

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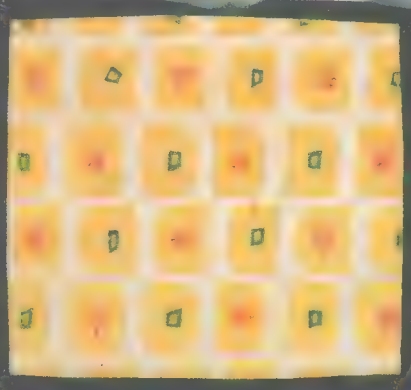
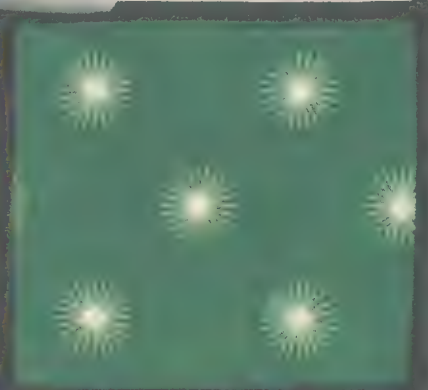
appeal to me

We choose
TEXTURES
intriguingly
new





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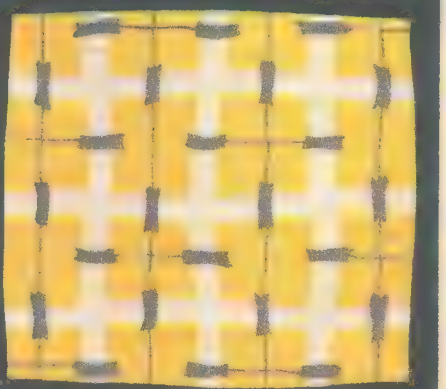

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The Frenchman who will protect the Queen

Continued from page 27

had cordoned off the area and hundreds of firemen clung to the rooftops and chimney pots, watching for any attack from above. Six small fighter aircraft policed the skies and a dirigible cruised low over the packed streets, sending radio messages to the police control posts below.

Before the King's arrival at the Paris City Hall, beside the Seine, the river was dragged for mines. When the Royal party dined at the French Foreign Ministry, detectives first removed the insides of all the clocks. "A clock is a ready-made time fuse for a bomb," one of them explained.

By nature and upbringing, the Paris *flic* is more nervous and easily excitable than the London policeman. When there is tension in the air and nerves are on edge, he is quick to assert his authority and very ready to draw his white baton. The crowds he has to control are easily amused or enraged, liable to snatch up chairs from boulevard cafés and hurl them through the air, or to lever up cobblestones for ammunition.

If crowds are demonstrating, the French policeman's job is a tough one. During the past seventy years, two of the country's presidents, one visiting king and a celebrated politician have been assassinated.

King Alexander of Yugoslavia was shot by one of his fellow countrymen as he drove through the streets of Marseilles in 1934. M. Albayez, then a young inspector, was present, and he learned one important lesson. "The drivers of cars carrying important visitors should never stop, even if an attack takes place," he says.

He drums this into the heads of all chauffeurs employed on these occasions, but he admits with a Gallic shrug that he does not always succeed. When King Alexander was shot, the chauffeur instinctively halted, and the whole procession was brought to a standstill. There was general confusion. The car carrying the king could not start up again for six minutes, and by the time it reached the nearest building the king was dead.

One item which is nearly always included in the programme of an important visitor is the cruise down the Seine, and though it involves Albayez in a lot of work it causes him little anxiety. The security precautions needed have been well-rehearsed, and the timetable is less likely to go awry.

It will be evening when the Queen cruises down the river and round the cathedral of Notre Dame which stands on an island in the Seine. Dancers, troops in the uniforms of the great periods of France's military history, and choirboys will stage tableaux on the banks as the Queen goes by. The cathedral will be floodlit and its fine stained glass windows will be illuminated from within. Behind all the pageantry will be the firm hand of Albayez, clearing the way.

When the Queen cruised down the Seine during her 1948 visit, Albayez halted all barge traffic on the river for three hours. Previously, of course, he had ensured that the water was clear of mines.

Shortly before the cruise began, squads of police drove from the river banks the tramps who make their homes under the Seine bridges and young lovers innocently enjoying their own company at the water's edge. River police in motor boats guarded the Royal guests during the cruise.

All of this means that Albayez's is the invisible hand pushing a lot of people around, and sometimes he inevitably pushes the wrong ones. A few minutes before Tito's blue armoured train pulled into the Bois de Boulogne station last year excited police found a gang of men in the honeycomb of sewers under the nearby streets.

With a great deal of shouting and argument they were hustled out of the security area. They turned out to be municipal sewer workers, doing a normal morning's work. THE END

"It may be old and shabby, but it gets me there and brings me back"

Fastest show in town

Continued from page 19

subsequent shows at the Park Lane Hotel, the Connaught Rooms and the Hammersmith Palais."

Only once has Ross completely missed an engagement: "On the way to Watford last year we were fog-bound." There was the time, however, when he forgot to enter an engagement in his diary. At half past ten on the evening in question he and his wife went to bed, thinking they would have an early night. Then the telephone rang.

"Mr. Ross, where's your cabaret?" an irate voice asked.

Ross says: "We should have been on the floor at this particular function at ten fifteen. I'd forgotten it completely. I made up some story about being unavoidably held up and told him the show would go on at eleven promptly. Then I dressed and got on the telephone to the girls. I was lucky to find six of them and my musical director, who leads the bands at the piano, at home. We put the show on at eleven as promised."

Ross's mental and physical agility belie his years. He was born, "round about sixty years ago," in Clapham, London. As a youth he worked as a clerk for a wine merchant. He broke into show business as a comedian and just after the first World War he made a successful tour of South Africa.

On his return, piano acts had come into vogue. Ross advertised for a girl pianist to appear as his partner. Ida Williams, whose parents ran a private school at Chiswick, London, applied for and got the job, much to her family's displeasure. Piano Plus Two, as the couple called their act, did moderately well, achieving an appearance down the bill at the London Coliseum.

In 1925, Eric and Ida married. About this time they formed the Dazzle Concert Party and produced summer shows at south and east coast resorts. In the winter they spent more and more time working in cabaret.

Then, in 1934, Ida fell ill with pneumonia. This put the act instantly out of work. With two young children to support, Ross felt that he had to find a means of making a living which did not rely on the constant fitness of himself and his wife. He formed a cabaret show.

"It was a dreadful show. The artists sat on chairs in a row on the cabaret floor. Each came forward and did his or her piece in turn. I soon realized that it was all wrong."

Ross delved into his rapidly dwindling capital to make a brief trip to Paris to study cabaret there. "Girls, that's what my cabaret needed. I came back, got rid of most of the acts and hired girls to dance and sing instead."

By 1939, the Dazzle Cabaret, then the only one of its kind, had made a big name for itself in the West End. The war put the cabaret out of business and its proprietors into Ensa as producers of a travelling concert party.

"In 1946 we were back where we started in 1934. I picked eight girls, produced a new show, but could get no bookings. It seemed no one knew the Dazzle Cabaret. It was the grimmest of times.

"A Metropolitan Police inspector saved us. He booked us for a police function, then recommended us all over town. Each season since, business has increased. Today, we're working almost constantly at top pressure."

At the start of each season it costs Ross about £1,100 to stage the cabaret. His charge for a single performance is approximately thirty-five guineas. He and his wife produce the show, their daughter Sheila designs the costumes and Brenda handles the bookings.

Ross puts on a new show every year. He presents it for the first time on November 1, "usually at a date out of town." There, he assesses the audience reaction and adjusts and prunes the cabaret accordingly. "This season's show ran for thirty-five minutes on November 1, and for thirty-two minutes on November 2."

The ages of the Grosvenor Girls range from sixteen to twenty-eight. Ross employs girls who can sing, dance and perform acrobatics "and who have the ability to project happiness to an audience at close quarters." In ten years he has had to replace only ten girls, most of whom left to marry. "This job," he says, "is safer now than the civil service and much better paid." In the summer season, Ross employs the girls in revues which he produces regularly at Bognor Regis and Lowestoft.

The girls themselves bristle if anyone calls them a chorus line. "We are specialists," says Sheila Ross. "We are much more versatile than chorus girls and we get better pay." Ross says that girls from well-known chorus lines have applied to him unsuccessfully for employment.

His girls have to have the special talent of knowing how to handle the male members of the audience. "For this year's waltzing and seaside acts," says Sheila Ross, "we have to pick the men who look as if they will enjoy the fun. We don't force ourselves on to them. When a man shakes his head, as Lord Mountbatten did, we move on to the next likely fellow."

Occasionally, the secretary or business executive who has booked the cabaret asks Ross to instruct his girls to pick out certain men in the audience, usually including such people as the managing director and the chairman and the guest of honour. "This nearly always ends in recriminations because by the time the girls start the show the fat man with the cigar and the red carnation has moved and the tall, thin man with the monocle is no longer sitting at a table. The girls haven't time to go searching for them."

A less common problem arose when the cabaret appeared at the Stowe School old boys' reunion at Grosvenor House. The hostess gave strict instructions that the girls were not to invite the men in the audience to participate in their acts.

"She was terrified of us going near the younger fellows," says Brenda Ross. "Instead, we just had to waltz about on our own, and we scrapped the seaside number."

Some members of the audience will try to get into the show. On one recent night a man joined in the acrobatics and in the high-kicking chorus routine. Ross says: "The girls have to ignore such characters. If they sent them back to their seats the audience would be offended; and if they gave them the slightest encouragement the whole floor would be overrun."

On another occasion a guest seized the band's microphone and bawled into it as Brenda Ross wandered among the tables, singing to the audience.

"The master of ceremonies came to my rescue and took the mike from him," she says.

Last New Year's Eve the cabaret had four engagements. The third, at a restaurant near Piccadilly, was scheduled to end at a minute to midnight. At twenty past eleven the troupe were wedged tightly in a traffic jam at the end of Regent Street. At last they arrived at the restaurant. "In spite of the fastest costume changes we've ever done," says Ross, "it looked as if we would have to cut the end of the show to finish just before midnight. But the restaurant manager told me not to worry, to carry on as usual.

"At the finale the restaurant clock showed a minute to twelve. Mine was at two minutes past. The manager had held the clock back for us. My, how I wish we could do that more often." THE END

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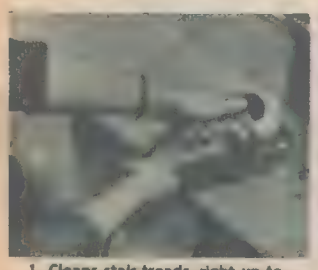

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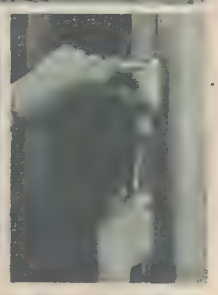

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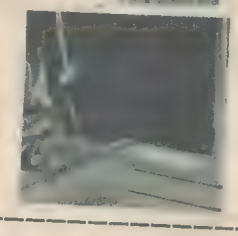

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Far, far the mountain peak

Continued from page 17

what you want to do. You don't let delays put you off Maru, do you?"

There was a pause. Then Gerry said: "Nineteen-sixteen, Peter's going again. He'd need me."

She hesitated. She was sure that Gerry must not go again to that terrible mountain, at least not with Peter; but it was better to say nothing about it now. Two years of medical school would do more than she could.

"That's a long way off," she said in the end. "You can cross that bridge when you come to it. Let's go in. It's terribly hot out here. Don't say anything about your plan just yet. Let me tell Peter, eh? He'll understand."

"Of course," Gerry said. "He'll agree right away. Only I wish I didn't feel I was letting him down, somehow."

"You're not," she said gently. . . .

Though she had spoken confidently, Emily did not feel happy at the thought of telling her husband of Gerry's decision. It was not until after tiffin, when she was alone with Peter, that she nerved herself to raise the matter.

Peter himself gave her the opportunity. He asked: "Has Gerry finished his report on the new hospital? This morning I was promised the rest of the money we need to get started. It won't be as big as it should be, but we can at least make a beginning."

Now was the time.

She said: "Gerry's going to give you the money to build the hospital the right size, and he's going to work in it as a doctor."

Peter said: "Is he?" He looked fully at her, his eyes bitter cold.

She jumped up and clung to him and could not speak properly, but forced the words out somehow so that they should be said before she lost the will to say them.

"He can't be a politician," she cried. "He can't. It'll break him, and no one, not even you, can stand over him all the time and make all his decisions for him. He doesn't want to rule people, only to heal them. Let him go, Peter—please, please, darling, let him go."

Peter said abruptly: "A doctor in a miserable little hospital! If it was research, I could understand it—to find the causes of disease, and wipe them out at the root, for the whole world. But this—it's like painting a house over and over again, and still it cracks and peels. Parkash is the man for that. Gerry's too good. He can do more. Why have you put this idea into his head?"

"It was not my idea, it was his," Emily said. "Peter, you haven't done anything wrong. You showed Gerry that a man must live for something, but what you wanted him to live for was not right for him. That's all. You brought him to India to show him one thing, power—but what he saw was people ill, and poor. He wants to work in the new hospital all his life."

"And suppose he does? Am I to spend the rest of my life here, too? Am I to follow Gerry, instead of the other way round?"

It was all coming out, and now of all times was the time to speak the truth and go on speaking it until all was said. Emily said: "Yes. Yes. You know Rudwal, and the people know you. No one who's ever been here has used it as a stepping stone. They've made it their homes, as I have. I don't want to leave Rudwal."

Again it was near, the thing that she had been trying for so long to put in Peter's mind instead of, or to give balance to, his drive towards the peaks. It was a vision, perhaps too female for him to see without difficulty, of achieving happiness and knowing fulfilment by staying, not by moving; by being, not by working.

Then Gerry rushed in, the newspaper in his hand. "Peter," he cried, "have you seen this? Look."

Emily read over Peter's shoulder. There was a small item low down on the front page: ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO BE MADE ON MARU. She read on. An expedition had been formed in England, under the auspices of the Alpine Club, to make a second attempt on Maru. The leader of the expedition was Mr. Henry Walsh, the well-known mountaineer, who had been deputy to Mr. Peter Savage, I.C.S., on the previous attempt. The new attempt would take place this year, 1914. The party was due to sail for India late in April. The permission of the Government of India had been obtained.

She looked at Peter. Before Gerry came in, she had thought she was beginning to make him see her point of view. Now the wind was rising again, strong, and with a bitter edge.

Gerry was looking at Peter, too. He said: "Harry ought to have asked you to join the expedition."

"Or you," Peter said.

"I wouldn't like to go without you," Gerry said. "Not to Maru."

"Why not?" Peter said. "You don't have to worry about me. If Harry Walsh is going to walk up Maru by the route we discovered, why shouldn't you go with him, and share the glory?"

"If he did, I'd have a damn good mind to go so that I could plant a flag on the top, labelled 'By courtesy of Savage and Wilcot,'" Gerry said.

Peter said: "I'm going to have a shower," and left the room.

Before following him, Emily said: "Gerry, I've told him about your wanting to be a doctor—and that you're going to give money to the fund for the new hospital."

"What did he say?" Gerry asked anxiously.

"Nothing," she said. "But he understands. Why don't you go down to Lahore tomorrow and make arrangements to study for your—whatever it was?"

"That's a good idea," he said. "Peter's leaving for an inspection of the breeding station, isn't he?"

"This evening," she said, and kept her face calm until he had closed the door behind him. Then she stumbled to the bedroom and lay down slowly, her eyes closed, feeling like a murderess. . . .

She was at the hospital again. She almost dreaded the moment when Gerry would finish checking blueprints out there with the master builder, for then she would have to go out into the leaden furnace of May.

The new expedition to Maru had arrived and was staying at the same *dâk* bungalow as before. Dr. Parkash had been called away there before Gerry and Emily reached the hospital, though no one knew why.

Gerry came in, taking off his *topi* and mopping his brow. "Parkash not back yet? I wonder. . . ."

The *syce* brought the carriage out from under the feeble shade of a tree, and they got in. "Is everything going well?" Emily asked Gerry when the slight wind of their movement had begun to cool her face.

"Fine," Gerry said enthusiastically. "Of course, there's not much to see yet. They're still digging the foundations—but it's coming along."

Emily agreed and thought, *So is Gerry*. The university authorities had kept him a week at Lahore, somewhat at a loss as to what to do with a Cambridge B.A. who wanted to do work that medical students should have completed before joining the university. They finally sent him back to Rudwal with a trunk full of books and old examination papers and a suggestion that, if he really wanted to continue on the strange course he had outlined, he should read them and report to the university in the first week of September. They would then decide whether to enrol him as a second or third year student.

They reached home and she went directly to the bedroom and lay down. When she awoke, the heat of the day was past and she felt better. She spent an hour with her son, had a bath and began to dress.

Peter had been away for nearly a week, investigating conditions in a famine area. He had left Rudwal the morning after the expedition arrived. He had just seen them, wished them good weather and good luck, and gone. He was not due back for another four days—the day after they were due to set off. She remembered that he had not expressed a hope that they climb the mountain. He meant exactly what he said, no more, no less; that they should have good luck and good weather—and still fail.

The day after they marched off, the two expedition wives now staying at the *dâk* bungalow would go up to the hill station of Manali to wait there until the party returned.

Peggy was one of the wives. She had come out with Harry this time. Meeting her again, Emily had been very conscious of how she had changed; outwardly, little, except in a fining down of her face and a hardening of her expression; but inwardly she had altered a great deal.

She was a secretive woman now, giving the impression that she had some deep but shocking source of pleasure concealed about her person, like a child who intends, at the right moment, to give her grandmother a long-dead frog.

Emily was in the drawing-room, talking to Gerry, when the bearer announced the arrival of Walsh Sahib and Memsahib.

Gerry sprang to his feet. "Someone's ill." Then Harry and Peggy came in, and Emily saw at once that, while Harry was worried, Peggy was doubly wrapped up in expectations.

Gerry said anxiously: "What is it, Harry? What's the matter?"

Harry said: "Ewell broke his ankle this afternoon."

"No!" Gerry cried. "How?"

"He slipped on that board you have in the bathrooms out here."

Peggy said: "Isn't it an *awful* place for a thing like that to happen to a mountaineer?" She looked at Emily with an unhappy, sympathetic shake of her head, her eyes bright.

"The doctor came up," Harry said, "and told us there's no chance of it healing in time to let him climb this year. Is he any good, Gerry? I mean Parkash? I must say I'm a little dubious of these brown chaps with a degree from heaven knows where."

"Parkash is an excellent doctor," Gerry said indignantly. "Why——"

Harry went on: "It doesn't much matter, because it's obvious the ankle's broken—his foot was twisted right round. So he's going home. It's hard luck. He was very keen."

He twisted the whisky glass. Emily had signalled the bearer to give him. "The point is that he was the only Urdu speaker on the expedition. He was going to look after the porters and the administration, though he'd have been available for climbing too. You remember, Gerry, when we were coming down last year, Peter said that the whole administrative side would have to be more carefully organized? And now Ewell can't come."

Peggy was looking hard at her brother, her second drink steady in her hand, though the rest of them had hardly touched their first.

Harry said: "That's bad enough, but the actual climbing problems are worse. If there are only three of us, we'll have to try to be in two places at once. We'll have to do more than it is really sound to ask anyone to do."

"Oh, don't get so tired that there's an accident," Peggy said loudly, and Gerry's shoulders hunched a little, as though something cold had touched the back of his neck.

"It reduces our chances almost to vanishing point," Harry said, "but I can't give up without even trying. Gerry, you've learned Urdu pretty well and know the mountain. Will you please come with us?"

Emily had seen it coming and grown cold, but Gerry had not, or had hidden the certainty from himself. "Me?" he muttered. He stared at Harry; then his eyes wandered to Emily, as though for help. He said: "Maru. When do you expect to be back?"

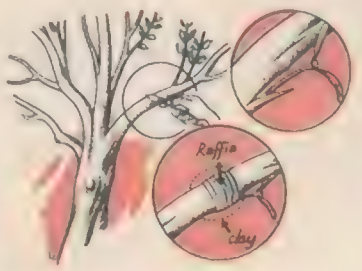
Emily watched him, and the room was silent. She saw that the first emotion to come to Gerry was fear, fear that sprang on him so powerfully and from so deep in his being that he could not prevent it from flashing momentarily in his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. Then his courage beat it down and conquered it.

Harry said: "The end of August, without fail."

Gerry was due at the university by the first week in September. As to the

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER



I HAVE found it quite easy to grow mistletoe on apple trees. In April or early May I make a downward cut in the apple bark, on the underside of a branch, and insert a fresh green shoot, about two or three inches long with one pair of leaves on. I then bind in firmly with raffia and seal all round with clay or grafting wax. —G.R.L., Richmond, Surrey.

Better results can be obtained if herbaceous plants such as phlox, lupin and Michaelmas daisy are thinned instead of divided. In April, I cut off all but the strongest five or six shoots on each clump. The rest I plant in a frame made of the four sides of a wooden box eight or nine inches deep. Before planting—with half their lengths below the soil—I mix some peat with the earth and sprinkle half an inch of sand on top. After watering, I cover the frame with glass or polythene.—L. P., Calne, Wiltshire.

PERCY THROWER says: Another method of producing mistletoe is from berries. In March or April, make a cut as described and push in one or two shrivelled berries. Seal them in with moistened clay.

The hint for increasing plants is an excellent one. The cuttings should make roots in four to six weeks and become good flowering plants for the next year.

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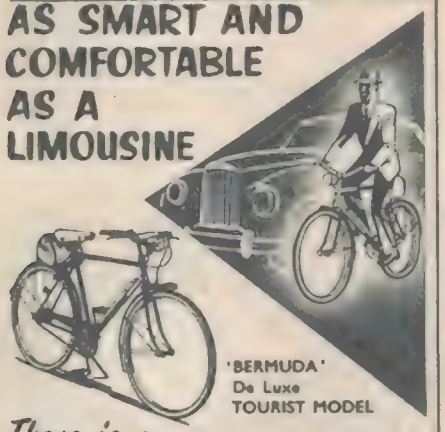

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work he was supposed to do before then, he had already done it.

"Are you sure he's fit enough?" Emily asked. She could feel Maru was towering over them again.

Harry said: "Yes. That's really why I was asking what sort of a doctor Parkash was—because I asked him today about Gerry. He said he had examined him a couple of times recently and thought he was thoroughly fit, physically."

He went on quickly: "I know you're fit enough in every other way, Gerry. There's not another man in the world I'd rather be with, on any mountain, at any time."

Gerry nodded abstractedly. He said: "I'd want to have an equal chance of being chosen for the summit party, Harry—because of Peter. He can't come, I know, but I could sort of represent him, couldn't I?"

Harry hesitated for a perceptible moment. Then he said: "All right. An equal chance, depending on what happens—how we all go." Emily knew that he would have liked to keep Gerry off the heights, because of what had happened last time. But if Gerry was himself—his old superb but normal self—Harry would give him a chance at the summit, even at the cost of his own place.

Gerry still stood thinking, a whisky glass in his hand. He turned to Emily. "Do you think Peter will——?"

"Gerry, Harry needs you," Peggy broke in gently.

Gerry made up his mind. "I'll come," he said. "Yes, I'll come." He put out his hand.

Harry jumped up. "Wonderful!" They clasped hands.

Gerry said: "All my things are here, and you're not off for a couple of days. Wish I had time to go and say goodbye to Peter. I'll send him a note. Get it off first thing in the morning."

Emily saw Peggy make a small, happy movement. *Dear God, what would Peter say?* He would see it as a deliberate action to wound him, on Gerry's part. Perhaps it would lead to a final break between the two of them. That would hurt, too, but it might be best in the long run.

Gerry said suddenly: "Peter's the best climber in the world. It's a damn shame. But his work's important, too. I never realized how important until this year."

Harry nodded without speaking. Harry had been very careful to say nothing during his week here that might even hint of any adverse opinion he held of Peter. When he could praise, he did; when he did not wish to, he was silent.

A thought suddenly struck Emily. She said: "Peggy, Mrs. Ewell must be going home with her husband?"

"Oh, yes," Peggy said brightly. "She is going to look after him, and has made all the arrangements. She's very efficient. They're going to start out the day after tomorrow."

"What will you do?" Emily said. "You'll be alone." She knew what she must do, and added: "You must stay with us here."

"Of course, you'll be alone too, most of the time," Peggy said quickly. "I never thought of that—with Gerry gone." There was the secret self-hugging again, and Emily waited; but that was all. Peggy merely said: "Are you sure I won't be in the way? It seems such an awful imposition on you."

"It isn't as though we were strangers," Emily said evenly.

"Of *course* not," Peggy said. "I'd love to. And I can help with the baby. *I* don't seem able to have one. It'll be quite like old times, won't it?"

No, it won't, Emily thought, *not a bit; not until you come out and scratch my face, and we argue and fight and cry and know what has happened to each other.* It would be difficult, especially at first. Having the baby would help her over that time. Later, surely, they would be able to find each other again. . . .

On the night before the expedition set out, she gave a dinner party for them. They'd be off at ten tomorrow morning. "Never like to make a long stage the first day, or try to get away too early," Harry had said.

Gerry was over there at the *dâk* bungalow now, trying to get the others

AMBITION—2

Stretching out his hand to catch stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet.

Jeremy Bentham

to admit that pegs were permissible aids on Maru. Emily had taken it upon herself to offer them the pegs brought down from last year, though each one would have to be carefully examined before use.

Time passed. Gerry returned, the guests arrived, and slowly the evening began to take shape. Gerry was at ease, happy and excited as he used to be in the untroubled days. He and Lyon were going to climb as a pair as much as possible, because Lyon knew nothing about pegs.

Even Peggy had relaxed something of her disquietingly eager manner. After all, Emily thought, Gerry is going tomorrow, and, whatever Gerry thinks, Peggy is quite well aware that Peter would have preferred him not to go. And Peggy's feelings towards Peter were—strange.

The warmth of friendship and common endeavour wrapped them all through the meal and after. When the men joined her and Peggy in the drawing-room, they were still talking about the mountain.

Gerry said: "Look, Harry, I've got an idea about Needle Five. Em, can I have six pepperpots?"

"Six!" she cried. "Well, I'll see what I can do."

She got up to call the bearer, but he entered the room before she had reached the door. He was smiling. He said: "*Sahib a-gya.*"

She gasped: "What! Oh, no!"

Peggy said urgently: "What's the matter?"

"Peter's back."

"Peter!" Gerry cried.

"How wonderful! Now he'll be able to see them off in the morning after all." Peggy's voice was suddenly full of suppressed excitement again.

Emily asked the bearer: "Where is he?"

"In the study, memsahib." He salaamed and went out.

She said: "I must go. I'll be back in a minute. Gerry, do the honours, please."

"We'll be all right," Peggy said happily.

Emily hurried along the passage, her mind racing. She found Peter at his desk, scribbling notes with one hand and mopping his forehead with the other. He was covered with dust, and outside she saw the *syce* leading away his horse.

He got up and kissed her quickly as she came in, and asked: "How's the baby?" His icy eyes were rimmed with red, and yellow dust lay like a hood under his brows and in the corners of his nose. He began scribbling again while he talked. "We've broken it—the famine," he said. "I forced the speculators down there to put their stocks on the market. I'm on my way to Lahore to make a special report to the Lieutenant-Governor. I have to catch the midnight train. You've had dinner?"

"Yes——"

"Good. I've told the *khansamar* to make me some scrambled eggs. Harry's expedition's off tomorrow?"

"Yes——"

"I'll come in and wish them luck before I change. Though they won't climb it." He laid down his pen. "There," he said, and stood up.

She said: "I've asked Peggy to stay with us while the expedition's away. Did Gerry tell you in his note?" She had to find out whether he had received the note, or whether he had come back now, two days early, only because his work was done.

"Yes," he said quietly. "Do you think Gerry really believed I wanted him to go?"

"Yes," she said, "of course. That was why he accepted."

Peter said: "I think I'd like to tell him the truth."

She lurched in front of him as he made to pass her. She caught hold of the lapels of his thin, stained coat and whispered fiercely: "Listen, Peter. You've *got* to let him go, because he's promised. If you make him break his promise—oh, God, it's awful to think that you might be able to. Before he met you no one, nothing, could have made him break a promise. If you do, he'll have nothing left in the world except you, no place to go, no one who will speak to him, accept him—only you."

"And his patients," Peter said. "Does he want anything else?"

Gently he put her hands away and went out. She followed him heavily along the passage. At the drawing-room he opened the door for her, so that she might precede him.

The four men were on their feet. Peter went past them to take Peggy's hand. He said: "Hallo, Peggy. I hear you're staying with us while the expedition's away."

Gerry said: "Peter, did you get my note?"

Peter, facing Harry Walsh, ignored

him. Peggy was looking up at Emily, smiling, almost leering. Peter said: "Harry, why didn't you ask me to join your expedition?"

Emily realized that they were all holding their breath, and that the room was silent, so that the words went home like unexpected swords. *Oh, damn him,* she thought hopelessly, *he won't play the rules as Harry and poor Gerry know them; he won't pass it off; he won't fence with buttons on the points.*

Harry flushed and said: "I knew the I.C.S. wouldn't release you again this year."

"That's not true," Peter said, smiling, the cold grin widely white in his mouth amid the dust. "I mean, it isn't the reason."

"I didn't think you would take to being a member under my leadership," Harry said, the flush dying away as he found his balance.

"Go on."

Harry looked at him. "Isn't that enough?"

"No, the whole truth is better, so that Gerry can understand. All right, I'm not going to Lahore tonight. I'm resigning, here and now. I'm available. I'm willing to serve under you in any capacity that you order. I hereby apply to join you. Will you take me?"

This time the silence was short, because Harry had regained his footing. He said: "You know quite well that I am never going to climb with you again."

"Why aren't you going to climb with me again, Harry?"

Emily stole a look at Gerry's face. Gerry's mouth was open, his eyes wide in growing horror.

Harry said: "Because you're not a mountaineer and never will be. You're a climber, in every sense of the word. A conqueror. A selfish, cruel swine."

Peter said: "I'm going to have a bath, Gerry." He turned and walked out.

Sweat stood out in jewelled beads on Gerry's forehead. He said: "Harry, you've got to apologize."

"I can't," Harry said gruffly. "It's the truth. Everyone knows it but you. I'm sorry, Emily, but——"

"Peter can speak for himself," she said wearily. She had no wish to defend Peter. What Harry said was true as far as the rest of the world could understand. Only she and Peter himself

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and Gerry—yes, Gerry above all—could tell them that it wasn't the whole truth.

Gerry said: "You're not fit to clean his shoes, Harry." His voice shook. "I never guessed—I never dreamed you wouldn't have asked him if you thought he could come. So you sneaked in and organized this party to the mountain that *he* discovered, *he* worked on, *he* showed you everything you know about——"

"Oh God," Peggy said, and now the brittle expectation had broken and her face was twisted in ugliness. "How long did Peter rehearse him?"

"He doesn't have to," Emily said, all sensation slowly freezing as she watched Gerry, heard the words come out of his mouth, saw his blazing eyes. Lyon and Goodwin, on either side of him, were full of a helpless anger.

"I can't come with you," Gerry said.

"I'm sorry," Harry said at last. "I understand. Don't worry about it. Peg, we'd better go back to the *dâk* bungalow. I hope you'll excuse us, Emily."

"Of course."

Peggy said: "I suppose you'd rather I didn't come to stay, after this?"

Emily said: "No—I'd like you to, if you want to. Peter won't be unpleasant, if that's what you mean. He only made Harry say what we all know that he feels. Nothing's really changed."

"No, it hasn't," Peggy said. "That's what's so wonderful about Peter. . . . Yes, I'll be back. Good night. Good night, Gerry."

The other men muttered their curt goodbyes, and Emily forced herself to accompany them to the front door. As soon as they had gone down the front steps she hurried back to the drawing-room, her skirts hissing like vipers along the stone floor. "Gerry," she cried. "Gerry!"

He was sitting on the sofa, staring straight ahead, an unlit cigarette between his lips, a box of matches shaking in his hand—but he never smoked. She sank awkwardly to her knees beside him. "Gerry! You haven't done anything wrong. Nor has Harry. He's just—people."

He said: "They can't touch Peter. They're like mice, nibbling at his feet."

She stroked his hand and spoke urgently. "It doesn't matter, Gerry. It's done, finished with. Forget it happened. Peter has."

When Gerry spoke again his voice was very low, so that she could hear only by straining forward. "I cursed Harry just now," he said, "But I'm as bad. I've been weak and selfish, thinking only of myself, of being a doctor—leaving Peter in the lurch after he's trusted me all these years, and he's never said a word."

She said: "Now, Gerry, the reason Peter has never said a word is that he does *not* think you have left him in the lurch. Surely we saw tonight, if we didn't know already, that Peter is not afraid to speak his mind?"

Gerry nodded.

"You're doing the only thing that is right for you to do. After all these years you discovered it—through Peter, indirectly—and you know it, and he knows it. But I still think you'd do better to study in England."

GERRY stood up and took her hands in his. She held them tightly, recognized the involuntary spasm of love that had made her do so, and then relaxed her grip. "I suppose you're right, old girl—but I don't want to go back to England. Can't you see the headlines? Earl cuts first corpse. Not so many distractions in Lahore. . . . My gosh, what a night! Think I'll wander along to my room. Good night."

Ten minutes later Peter joined Emily in the living-room, and the bearer laid the occasional table for his supper. She waited, collecting her thoughts into orderly sentences, until they were alone, and then said: "I'll never forgive you for what you did tonight, Peter. Now I want you to know something else. If you stop Gerry from becoming a doctor, for any reason whatever, I'll leave you."

"To look after Gerry?" Peter asked.

"Gerry won't be alive for long to need looking after if you do that," she said. "Good night."

He stood up to kiss her, but she leaned away from him. "I don't want to kiss you now. I'm sorry."

He sat down again and said matter-of-factly: "So am I. Just remember that you're the only person I love—you and Gerry."

She walked heavily along to the nursery. The ayah was asleep on her *charpoy* at the foot of Rodney's cot. She leaned down, almost unwillingly, to kiss him, while the ayah's rasping snores shook the room. He was his father's son and she found it difficult, tonight, not to fear him. . . .

August, 1914. . . . They were in the drawing-room, and the afternoon was heavy with the close, wet air that swirled in mist about the town as though round some high Alpine mountain.

Rodney was playing on the floor, piling bricks one on top of another, then neatly destroying his creations. Elizabeth, five weeks old, lay at the far end of the sofa, wrapped in swaddling clothes, looking mistily at the ceiling. Gerry was in his room, working. Peggy had gone out for a walk; she liked walking in the rain.

Peter sat in his chair, a heavy report in his hand. Emily could tell by the way he flicked over the pages that, though he was absorbing it all, he was not interested in it.

The chuprasi came to the door. "*Huzoor sahib—tar a-gya.*"

Peter took the telegram, tore open the envelope, and read:

"HARKAMU AUGUST 4 BY GALLOPERS FROM JUNIPER JULY 26 LAST ATTEMPTS TO MARU FAILED JULY 22 23 24 REGRET REPORT JAMES LYON KILLED JULY 24 ALL OTHER MEMBERS OF EXPEDITION SAFE RETURNING AT ONCE DUE RUDWAL APPROX AUGUST 29 WALSH."

He read it out to Emily.

"Mr. Lyon," she whispered. "The one who was going to be Gerry's partner."

"Don't remind him of that," Peter said sharply. "We'd better tell him, though."

"Now?" she said doubtfully.

"Yes. Otherwise he'll hear rumours first. Do you think the telegraph operator hasn't told all his friends already?" He got up and left the room with the telegram in his hand.

He did not return for ten minutes, and then Gerry was with him. Gerry was trembling, hardly so much that you could notice it, but definitely, a light, continuous shivering of the skin, and his face was pale.

"I wonder how it happened," he muttered; "how did it happen?"—over and over.

"You mustn't worry about it, Gerry," Emily said quietly.

Peter said: "Now I want to show you something else. This came five days ago." He pulled a sheet of paper from a pocket and began to read aloud.

The letter was from the Chief Secretary to the Government of the Punjab. It contained a copy of an informal note from the Home Member of the Government of India to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, informing the latter that Mr. Peter Savage, I.C.S., at present serving in the Punjab Commission, was being considered for the post of Deputy Secretary of the Home Department of the Government of India. The step would be a most unusual one, but Mr. Savage seemed brilliantly qualified for the appointment. However, before it was made, he, the Home Member, would be glad if, according to the normal custom of the service, the gentleman was consulted. The Chief Secretary now informed his "Dear Peter" that H.E. would like to know as soon as convenient what he was to reply to the Home Member.

Peter returned the letter to his pocket. He said: "Now what?"

Emily had put down her knitting while he read. Gerry's trembling had stopped, but he was even paler now.

"What do you mean?" Gerry asked at last.

"I mean—what am I to do? We were going to do great things, starting from here, weren't we? But you turned back into Rudwal. You're going to stay as a doctor. Now I've forced open the gate that lets me get out and on, and I'm ready to go. Am I to turn back too?"

Gerry said anxiously: "What do you want to do, Peter? If you go to Calcutta I don't think anything can stop you from becoming Viceroy. Where's the present Secretary going?"

"Lieutenant-governor of a province," Peter said. "It's Mainwaring—he's forty-eight. A coming young fellow!"

Gerry said: "And you're—thirty-three. You'll go on to be a lieutenant-governor before you're thirty-eight. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Peter asked, and he turned to Emily with the same dark smile he had held through the reading of the letter and his questioning of Gerry.

She said: "I know that I——" She hesitated.

"Go on," he said.

"I want you to stay here. Everyone knows you here, and you know so many. You've done wonderful things for Rudwal—really done them, so that you can see them and feel them and live with them."

He said: "Savage of Rudwal—whose *shauq* was building hospitals and climbing some mountain over *there*. 'He was a great man, my son. They are not the same nowadays. There is his grave, under that peepul tree, where he used to sit in judgment.' Is that what you want?"

She said: "Yes. So do you."

AFTERWARDS she often wondered what his reply would have been, only this was the day of the telegrams. The *chuprasi* was at the door. Peter took the telegram.

Before he could open it, footsteps rushed down the passage, and Peggy burst in, water dripping from her cape and oilskin hat. "War!" she cried. "We're at war."

"War——" Gerry gasped and sat down suddenly on the sofa.

"War," Peter said, glancing at the telegram.

Peggy had torn off her cape and hat, and the bearer had taken them away. Puddles of water stained the carpet. Peggy was so moved that she had almost reverted to her old simplicity of manner, and Emily found that they were holding hands and crying.

"There will be a call for volunteers," Peter said. "The plans already made here are to be put into effect. In other words, war—in Europe."

"But India must be in it?" Peggy cried.

"Yes," Peter said with a strange look at her. "India is in. *Now* what?"

Emily said urgently: "It makes no difference, Peter. Stay here. You can look after Rudwal as no one else can. There'll be all sorts of trouble. Men short for the crops everywhere—food shortages——"

"Don't be silly, Emily," her husband said softly, "If I stay here, I'll be like a man busily sweeping the galley floor while the ship goes down. Our fate is going to be settled six thousand miles away. It isn't only Rudwal's—it's India's. Rodney's. Elizabeth's. England's. Yours. Any way you look, to the bigger or smaller things, you get the same answer."

He turned suddenly to Gerry. "What are you going to do?"

Gerry's mouth shut with a snap. "There's no choice. I must go and fight."

"No," Emily cried.

"Yes," Peter said fiercely. "How can he live with himself if he skulks

MY BROTHER

Peter

WE were tremendously excited when Father, who was a keen cricketer, invited the whole of an Australian touring team to our home at Ealing for tea. It was Don Bradman's first season in England and Grimmett was making a name for himself as a great spin bowler.

After tea our visitors offered to play cricket with Peter in the garden. My young brother was terrified when it was his turn to bat. Grimmett's first two balls nearly bowled him. He swiped at the third one in desperation and it sailed right through the drawing-room window. Peter was amazed when Father thumped him on the back and congratulated him.

As a child, Peter did everything with great enthusiasm, and I can remember one time when this nearly caused a disaster. I am a few years older than Peter, and when he was six I took him to the local swimming bath.

I loved the water and as soon as I was changed I ran round to the deep end and jumped straight in. As I surfaced, I saw, to my horror, that Peter was following my example. It was too late to stop him. He made a tremendous splash and I managed to grab hold of him as he came to the surface, and dragged him to the side of the pool. It took months to persuade him to try swimming again.

Quite soon after that, his enthusiasm nearly caused another disaster. Father was a merchant but he devoted his spare time to professional entertaining. One day Peter decided to imitate Father's act. He practised in front of a long mirror in his bedroom, but felt all the time that something was missing until he remembered that Father always smoked a cigar when he was on the stage.

Peter promptly stole one from Father's box and happily continued with his act, taking furious puffs at the cigar, until he happened to notice his face in the mirror. It was a pale green.

At school, Peter had a particular enemy in his class, and one day he decided to play a trick on him. He put some drawing pins on the teacher's chair. The poor man sat down, but stood up again quickly and furiously demanded to know who had put the pins on his chair. The class was silent for a few seconds, and then a small voice said, "I did."

All eyes turned to Peter's arch enemy, but the bewildered boy denied having done it, and, in fact, denied having spoken at all. He was about to be sent to the headmaster for punishment when Peter owned up. He explained that he had spoken, using his talent for mimicry.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 43

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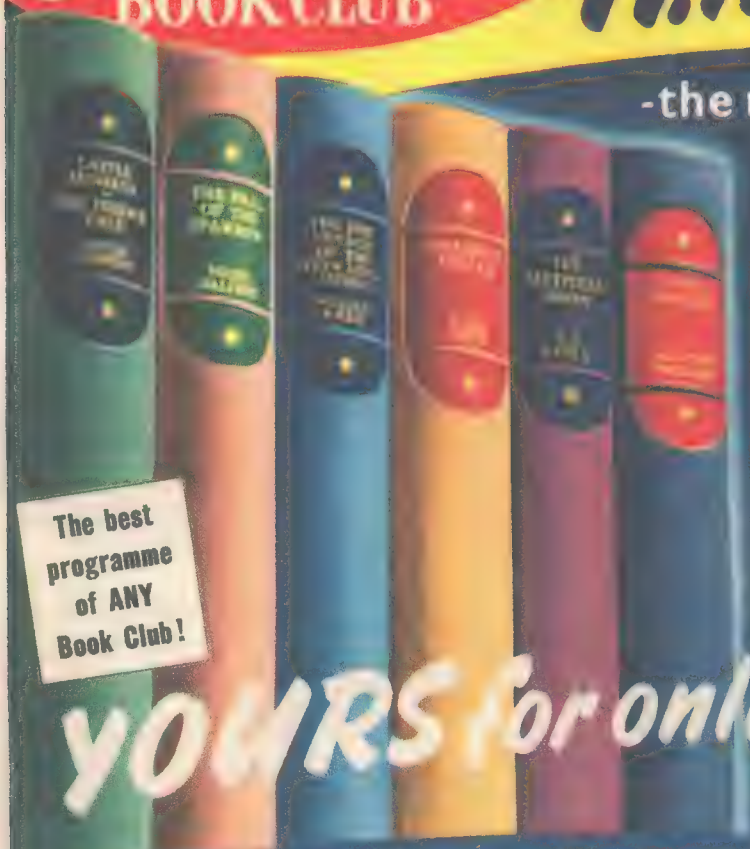

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here while the fate of the world's being settled in Europe? What's going to happen to the hospital if the Germans win?"

"He can still work in it. There'll still be sick Indians," Emily said miserably. It was true, though it sounded almost traitorous to say it, and no man, least of all Gerry, could accept it, certainly not at this moment in history.

"I am sure Harry will be volunteering," Peggy said smoothly.

Emily stared at her with cold hatred. These two and a half months had caused no rebirth of any love from the past, only an understanding that the wound she and Peter had inflicted on Peggy was not healed.

Peter said: "I'll leave for Manali tonight, see Forsythe, and arrange to get into the Thirteenth Gurkhas. Grandfather raised them, and my father served in them. That's the first step. Once I'm in uniform I'll get to Europe quick enough."

"The I.C.S. won't release you," Emily said.

"Yes, they will. The Chief Secretary doesn't like me. He will be delighted to smooth my path on what he will see as a greatly mistaken course."

He went out quickly. After a moment's staring at Peggy and Gerry, the brother and sister standing with such different expressions in the drawing-room, Emily hurried after him.

She found him in his study and closed the door behind her. "I warned you," she said breathlessly, "I warned you. . . ."

He looked up. "About Gerry? If you want to hold me responsible for starting the war, I can't prevent you—but it's not reasonable."

"If you'd stay here, he'd stay. If you'd say it was the right thing to do, he wouldn't care who else was going to sneer. Why should he? After you made him let Harry down, his reputation's gone. How was Mr. Lyon killed? I know, and you know. Because they were tired—three men doing the work of four. That'll be on Gerry's head too. He only had your opinion left to care about—and you say he's got to volunteer."

He said: "How can *I* stay here and let my fate, and yours, be decided by other people? Besides, I have always been ready for something like this to happen. Emily, I can be a better soldier than ever I was a District Officer. A soldier doesn't have to ask—he commands. From now on, until the war's over, it's the soldiers who are going to decide what happens."

"And you—as a second lieutenant?" she said bitterly.

"The war's going to last a long time," he said. "Higher up, war and policy go hand in hand."

"And afterwards?" she asked. "After you've won?"

"I don't know. Back here, perhaps, to be the D.C. and climb Maru. That'll be it, darling. After the war we'll all come back and stay."

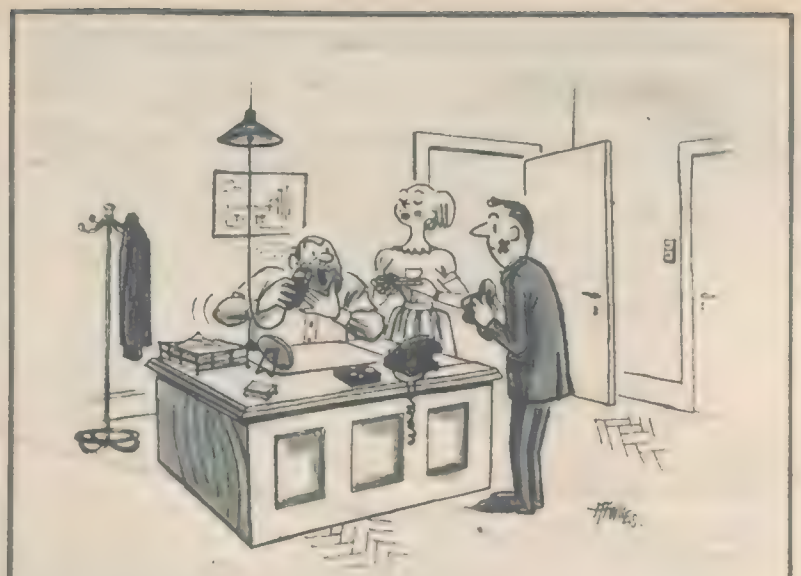
Just this once, he seemed to be saying, just this one more time, let me go out and guide and conquer and lead men breathless in my wake—then I'll come back, and we'll live in peace and grow love like a flower garden. . . .

She went out and stood a moment in the passage. It was unfair to blame Peter. There would be thousands of other men doing this same thing, thousands of other wives as stricken as she. It was an act of God that war, so perfectly suited to Peter's temperament, should have come to relight the fires that she had almost stifled in him.

There was no need to get hysterical, she told herself. Nothing irrevocable had happened yet. Peter would eventually come back to Rudwal; Gerry would not—because he would be killed the first time he went into action. The bullets would seek him out, recognizing gold. So he must not be allowed to volunteer—or, if he did, only for the Medical Corps.

She would have allies—people had talked, rumours flown about. He was supposed to be a coward now because he had refused to go to Maru. . . .

To be continued next week



"You don't find me turning up late in the mornings, Bradshaw"

The too proper young man

Continued from page 11

coffee, William scowled at the look of enchantment on the boy's face. "Why the devil are you so happy?"

"Happy, *señor*?"

"Come clean. You had a visitor tonight. Who was it?"

"*Señor*"—Ignacio shut his eyes in ecstasy—"I cannot tell a lie. She came of her own accord. My Anna Maria!"

"Your Anna Maria? You told me only last week she threatened to call the police if you didn't stop annoying——"

"Things are different now. I am rich."

Bitterness welled up in William and he scowled. "Money," he muttered. "The root of all evil, eh? Like hell it is." He strode to the sideboard and laced his coffee with rum. "You know, of course, it's your money she's in love with, not you?"

"Who cares?" Ignacio retorted. "I get what I want, don't I?" Suddenly the lad's smile was all-knowing. "*Señor*," he said softly, "when a man has what a woman wants, he gets the woman. Some women want a handsome husband, some a smart one, some a man with muscles. My Anna Maria wants only money, so I am lucky. . . ."

Rumours fly fast in San Marlo City, but this one, it seemed to William, must have been equipped with rockets. Judy King had first mentioned the name of Otto Schmidt on a Tuesday. By Friday, William had heard her father maligned eleven times; he kept count. And Saturday morning, while going over details of protocol for the impending visit of an English V.I.P., he was startled to hear it once again.

"Your ally, Mr. King, is swindling us," said Señor Jose Tovar, a close friend of the president. "The new power dam could have been built at a different place on the river for much less money."

"Who told you this?" William demanded.

Tovar, a slender man with angry eyes, shrugged and spread his hands. "Everyone knows it."

"But if Mike King is cheating the people, then so is your president," William argued. "They planned the dam together. And you are one of President Cadena's best friends."

"I was," Tovar said. . . .

"It's fantastic," William said later to Coldwell.

"It is," Coldwell agreed. "But I take back what I said before about Miss King. She was right. Someone is waging a whispering campaign against her father. Undoubtedly it's political."

"The election next month?"

"Precisely. Cadena has done exceptionally well, I think; he ought to be re-elected. But obviously he has resourceful enemies."

"Otto Schmidt can't get himself elected president of San Marlo," William protested. "He's a foreigner."

"You have no proof that Otto is involved."

"Miss King said——"

"More than likely he simply heard the rumour and passed it on." Coldwell folded his hands and fixed William with a stare. "In any case, this is not our affair I repeat, Dawson, this is not our affair. We do not concern ourselves with the problems of Americans. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," William said. . . .

On Sunday, sick of himself and hoping some tennis would alter his outlook, William drove to the club. Mike King was sitting alone at a table.

"Hallo, sir," William said. "I didn't know you were back."

"Willy," the big man replied with a soft growl, "when are you going to stop being so damned polite?" Mike motioned him to sit down, and William did so, feeling like a midget in the shadow of a mountain. "You've known me all these months," Mike rumbled. "You've drunk my liquor and made eyes at my daughter. But, confound it, you still call me 'sir'!"

And you call me Willy, William thought sadly. He said: "Sorry, Mike. It's the old public school training."

"It'll be the ruin of you," Mike said. For some reason his glance travelled over the lawn to the club pool, and William saw Judy sitting there at the pool's edge in a white bathing suit, adding an even lovelier touch as she dabbled her feet in the water. It was the first time he had seen her since the evening at the casino, and his sigh was so loud he almost failed to hear Mike say again: "Yep, it'll be the ruin of you."

"You're sure it's safe for you to be seen in my company?" Mike said then.

William wasn't sure he had heard that, either. "What?"

"You know how they're talking about me? The politicians? The people on the street? Even some of the Americans here?" Mike spoke with a smile, but his hand was so tight round his rum-soda that William thought the glass would break.

"I know. And it's quite the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard." William looked towards Judy again and was suddenly overwhelmed by his uselessness. "If I knew who was behind it, I'd knock his teeth out."

"I can guess who's behind it," Mike said calmly.

"You can? Then why don't *you* knock his teeth out?"

"The whole country would take it as proof I'm guilty."

"I see." William did see. "But, Mr. King—Mike—who is this man?"

"Now, now, Willy," Mike said, chuckling, "you keep out of this. It's not your kind of game."

"You mean I haven't enough——"

"Let's just say you're not a man of violence, Willy."

William gathered up his racket and departed. He didn't feel like playing tennis after all. He felt even less like facing Judy. On the way home he argued the right of way with two cab drivers—a folly which in San Marlo could be suicidal—and later let fly at Ignacio for being late serving supper.

The next morning, at the office, before William even had time to examine his mail, Coldwell came in with a handful of unopened letters.

"These seem to be just routine stuff," he said. "Take care of them, will you?"

William mumbled the proper reply and, when the door closed, picked up the letters. The fourth one he opened was not at all routine.

His heart pounding, he snatched up the phone. His hands shook as he awaited an answer. When he heard Judy King's voice at last, he had almost lost his own.

"Judy," he spluttered. "I want to talk to Mike."

"For heaven's sake, Willy," she said, "you sound as though you're drowning. What's the matter?"

"I've got to talk to your father."

"He's out at the dam."

William groaned. He could phone the dam, he supposed. But he would have to wait for the call to creep along forty miles of single-strand wire through mountains, swamp and jungle, and for Mike himself to come to the phone from wherever he might be. It would take far too long.

"Judy, listen," he said. "Something has happened. I've got a stick of dynamite in my hand."

"You what?"

He told her what he had, and heard her gasp.

"Willy, that's it. That's the proof we've been praying for."

"You mean you knew this all along?" William said, dazed.

"We suspected, Willy. You don't think I went to the casino that night to gamble, do you? Look, I'll be right over. Don't you do a thing until I——" She caught herself with a tense little laugh. "I'm sorry, Willy. I guess I forgot who I was talking to." He heard a sigh, or thought he did; perhaps it was only the phone connection. And finally: "I'll be there in ten minutes, Willy. Don't worry."

She hung up and William sat there staring at the phone. Not at the letter; at the phone. *Don't you do a thing, Willy. Oops, I'm sorry; I forgot who I was talking to.* Her voice was all around him, filling the room. Even louder was her sigh. *As if you'd be apt to do anything, Willy. Huh!*

"Wouldn't I?" William growled, unconsciously imitating the growl of Mike King. He snatched up the phone again. He dialled.

"Señor Tovar is not here," said the manservant at Tovar's home, in answer to his question. "He is in conference at the palace."

William thrust the letter into his pocket and drove to the palace. "Official business!" he snapped at the soldiers guarding the entrance. Startled, they let him pass.

A sentry blocked his way to the conference room. "I'm expected," William said, waving the letter at

MY BROTHER PETER

See page 41

Peter Brough, the ventriloquist, is Mrs. Ernest Butcher's famous brother

him, and strode past. He thrust the door open and walked in.

He found himself in the presence of eight men seated at a long table. One was President Miguel Cadena. Another was Otto Schmidt. The rest were San Marlo's political leaders.

William froze in his tracks, staring back at them. *Good grief*, he thought, momentarily panicked; *this is it*. He had expected to find Tovar and the president alone. By the expression of triumph on the round, red face of Otto Schmidt, he knew he had walked into a demand for Cadena's resignation.

His knees shook. But that voice on the telephone—especially that sad, accusing, tell-tale sigh—drove him on. He strode forward and slapped his letter on the table in front of the president.

"That, Mr. President, came in this morning's post," he announced.

Cadena picked it up, read it and leaped to his feet. "Gambling equipment!" he gasped.

"Precisely," William said. "Gambling equipment." He turned, hands on hips, to face Otto Schmidt. "Gambling equipment for what? Your new hotel, Mr. Schmidt?"

"What are you talking about?" Schmidt said.

"This letter is an inquiry into your status, from a Trinidad firm that makes gambling equipment. They're concerned because you placed a large order for expensive equipment to be delivered here six weeks hence, and they know that in San Marlo the casino holds the government monopoly and any unauthorized equipment sent here will be subject to seizure."

Otto Schmidt gripped the edge of the table. "It's a lie."

"The letter," William snapped, "speaks for itself. Gentlemen, there's only one way this man could operate a gambling enterprise here—by tricking you into electing someone who will hand him the privilege. You're being swindled, all right, but not by Mike King and your president. You need your heads examined."

HE walked out. He got into his car and drove back to the Consulate and found Judy angrily pacing his office.

"At a time like this you disappear," she said. Tears of frustration filled her eyes. "Oh, Willy!"

"Keep calm, my dear," William said. "Everything has been attended to."

"What?"

He told her. "Sit down," he ordered her then, "while I write out my resignation. You don't want me sacked, do you?" He sat and hammered a typewriter for a moment, read over what he had written, grunted with satisfaction and signed his name. "Let's go," he said, taking her arm.

He and Judy walked out together. In the drive, Otto Schmidt was waiting for him.

"Look out, Willy!" Judy screamed.

"For what?" William said. He stepped aside as Otto lunged, and planted a fist in the bulge above Otto's belt. It wasn't especially difficult, he discovered. He thought: *A man never knows till he tries.*

Consulate people stopped the fight, but not before William had a clear-cut decision. Judy tenderly wiped the signs of battle from his face and led him to his car, where she sat and stared at him.

William stared back. It was there. It was in her eyes—the look he'd never hoped to see.

He grinned. Ignacio, he realized, was really the one who had wrought the miracle—homely Ignacio with his priceless gem of wisdom: *Señor, when a man has what a woman wants, he gets the woman.*

What on earth had ever possessed him to think that Mike King's daughter, of all people, wanted a man with money?

He started the engine.

"Wait a minute," Judy said. "Willy Dawson, I don't understand this."

"You don't have to. Let's go to see Mike."

"But, Willy——"

"And stop calling me Willy," he ordered. "Call me Bill." THE END

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA · 10

by Commander Douglas Duff

The chance in ten million that paid off

IN high latitudes and low temperatures, I have seen hard-case old seamen stuffing their pockets with scrap iron. They knew that if they fell overboard the icy water would kill them long before their ship could be stopped and manoeuvred to find them. They preferred a quick end; the iron was meant to take them down without useless struggling.

Even in warm waters a man in heavy clothing and seaboots does not stand much chance. That anybody could be washed overboard wearing thick sea gear, including thighboots, in the darkness of a hurricane and survive many hours in a freezing sea seems impossible. It happened.

In the winter of 1954, the British whaler Setter IX was running before a hurricane. Captain Hansen was in his cabin when a sudden lurch of the vessel made him decide to go to the bridge. As he stepped on to the deck a savage sea broached over the bulwarks, smashed him against the rail and dragged him overboard.

Half-conscious though he was, the bitter bite of the near-freezing sea snapped him fully awake and he began to fight to rid himself of his seaboots and thick clothing. The ship plunged over the crest of a great wave and disappeared.

To get clear of his clothing was an almost impossible feat, but he managed to struggle naked, and only then realized that no one had seen him go overboard. If ever a man was lost, he was. Nevertheless, he decided to fight, though he knew it was hopeless. Some men will never surrender. Captain Hansen was one of them.

He was not missed until just before midnight, nearly three hours after he had gone overboard. Then, although it was almost suicide to turn the ship in the fierce hurricane, the mate brought her round and ran back along their course with his searchlights blazing.

When he estimated that he had reached the position the ship had been in when the captain was last seen, he turned east, thinking that the westerly storm might have drifted Hansen in that direction.

At 4.40 next morning, the searchlight picked up the white, naked captain, floating like a log, half-frozen but alive.

Captain Hansen had accomplished the seemingly impossible by surviving for seven hours and thirty-five minutes in icy seas; and the mate had displayed a faith unequalled, for most men would have decided it was useless to search at all, and even if they had started to do so would have quickly abandoned the attempt.

These men are dangerous

Continued from page 23

neat, three-point turn. Now the vehicle was ready for our exit down the road through which we had entered the village.

Stewart, Brearton and Fauchois were beckoning me to join them. Hall's body? I would have to leave it.

The others shouted: "Come on."

Firing as I ran, I left the cover of my jeep and dashed towards them across the centre of the road, bullets spattering and splintering around me like raindrops. The jeep was moving as I leaped into the front seat beside Brearton.

Fauchois seized the rear machine-guns and poured a long burst into the square.

So violently did we take the curve out of the village that, to steady myself, I grabbed at the machine-guns in front of me. The safety catches were off, the barrels were pointing downwards—and I accidentally fired, narrowly missing the engine.

A short distance past the place where we had met the old woman half an hour previously we swerved off the road on to a small forest track. We drove three miles back to camp under the cool, green shade of the trees, saying little, deeply aware of Hall's death, tired, mentally exhausted and, above all, incredulous that we were still alive. . . .

At nightfall, Stewart cautiously returned to Les Ormes with a patrol. The Germans had left. After our raid they had driven off in a panic, firing in every direction and wounding two children. Their losses totalled about sixty dead and wounded.

The villagers did not know why the Germans had pounced on them, but thought that it may have been a reprisal for our being in the district. Twenty men had been picked at random, to be executed in pairs in front of the church. The bodies we had seen were the first to be shot; the remainder, held prisoner in a side street, escaped when the shooting started.

Hall was buried in the local cemetery.

Realizing only too keenly that had I not sat on the back of the seat I would have taken the shots which killed him, I began the melancholy task of packing his kit.

One of the first items I came across was something he had forgotten to put in his pocket that afternoon. It was the "lucky" wooden shoe. . . .

The following day I was feeling extremely helpless—my left hand was splinted and my right hand heavily bandaged—when assistance arrived in strength. Tony Marsh, my squadron commander, whom I had last seen in Britain, breezed into the camp, reclining in the luxury of a German staff car. He headed a convoy of twenty jeeps.

They had flown to Orleans, which was just inside the Allied advance, and come up through the lines. On the way they had run into an enemy convoy and fought a brisk, victorious battle. "That's how I got the car," Tony explained.

Later, I went to Orleans to meet the rest of the squadron. Surprisingly, the front lines were so fluid, and Allied and enemy units were so widely scattered, that the seventy-mile journey was uneventful. An American doctor at a first-aid post put a new splint on my finger, changed the bandages on my wounded hand and, with a final show of enthusiasm, put each of my arms in an enormous white sling.

The return trip to camp, after meeting the others, was notable for a fantastic encounter with Germans. It was the kind of incident which became possible only when vast numbers of troops were on the move and the enemy assumed—very wrongly—that all vehicles behind their lines were their own.

We had thirty-five jeeps, and were driving along through twisting, leafy lanes, when the men in the rear jeep happened to look round. They saw with surprise that the convoy had suddenly grown by two extra vehicles. A pair of German lorries, packed with soldiers, had quietly tagged on behind them.

The jeep was in a poor position for firing on the lorries, and radio contact with the head of the convoy would have been too risky, so an urgent message was passed up by word of mouth: "What on earth shall we do?"

The answer came back. "Wave."

The S.A.S. men accordingly waved to the Germans, who responded to the greeting in a most friendly manner and left the convoy at their destination.

The remarkable fact that often we could, if we wanted, bluff our way through enemy-held territory unmolested came in useful again shortly afterwards.

On orders from our headquarters at Moor Park, Hertfordshire, we once drove fifty-five jeeps in broad daylight sixty miles south-eastwards into the Morvan Mountains to the camp of A Squadron, near Chalaux. The squadron had been in the mountains since June, patrolling night and day, and was about to return to Britain for a rest.

Among them was a friend of mine, Alec Muirhead, who had learned ski-ing with me in the Lebanon. Soon after arriving in France he had taken out a patrol and had seen a group of about fifty Germans and White Russians standing near a road. Puzzled, he and his men hid and waited.

A German staff car drove up to the group. Out stepped a smartly uniformed officer.

"Good morning," he said in a loud voice. "I am now going to give you a practical demonstration of the art of laying ambushes."

The lesson proved to be far more dramatic than he could possibly have foreseen.

"He led the class straight into *our* ambush," said Alec. Thirty men died with him in the first burst of fire. Four lorries were destroyed and a White Russian officer was captured.

ONE evening, as A Squadron was about to leave, I arrived in camp to find that we had an unusual, mysterious visitor who had calmly strolled in out of the darkness.

"It's an English girl," said Tony. "Says she is a British agent. Her name is Claudine."

I could see her sitting on a log beside a fire, smoking. Her age was perhaps twenty-seven. She was petite, with long dark hair and thin, pale features.

Tony called her over. For my benefit, he asked: "Would you mind repeating the information you gave me earlier?"

"Not at all."

She took out a map, spread it on the bonnet of my jeep and tapped the places where the Resistance was in control.

"We have a job for you, Claudine," said Tony. "A German convoy is at Corbigny, ten miles away. We'd like to know how long it is staying there and in which direction it will go."

"I can do that," she replied. "May I have a bicycle?"

We managed to get one for her from A Squadron, and when we got up the next morning she had already left. Claudine, her coolness and good looks might have vanished from my memory, but for subsequent events.

Tony and I decided to move camp. The wood in which we were hiding was

No. 2 IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY BERNARD BROWNE

This new treatment, using Lloyds Adrenaline Cream, is achieving remarkable results with rheumatism

RHEUMATISM: IS THIS THE ANSWER?

For years doctors have known of some of the amazing properties of adrenaline. Recently, a Harley Street specialist has tried this drug on rheumatism. Bernard Browne reports on the remarkable success the doctor has achieved.

A HARLEY Street doctor, who has spent years trying to solve the riddle of rheumatism, has made two observations of vital importance to the great majority of people who suffer from this intensely painful complaint

First, he has confirmed the main *cause of the pain* of fibrositis, lumbago, stiff shoulder and other forms of muscular rheumatism—which is said to be responsible for 95 per cent of all rheumatic suffering.

Secondly, he has discovered a method of *relieving this* pain—a method so effective that it has been described as "little short of astounding," by the eminent author Lord Russell of Liverpool, a man who chooses his words most carefully.

The importance of this doctor's work is enormously enhanced by the fact that the treatment is *so simple and so safe* that sufferers can carry it out themselves in their own homes.

It is in fact so simple and so straightforward that the wonder is that nobody thought of trying it before.

Doctors have long known that adrenaline, a natural substance produced by two small glands lying near the kidneys, has a powerful action on muscle. They also knew that it is rheumatism of the muscles—which goes by such names as fibrositis, lumbago, stiff-neck, backache and so on—that is by far the commonest cause of rheumatic pain. Yet it remained for this doctor, working on his own, to link the two observations by trying the effect of adrenaline on muscular rheumatism. The result is a most effective treatment.

To gain the fullest benefit from it you must understand how a muscle comes to get rheumatism in the first place:

Muscles are made up of millions of separate fibres, each capable of shortening independently. Anyone who has experienced cramp, say of the calf muscles, knows how excruciating the pain can be when a large mass of muscle suddenly shortens and goes into a state of spasm. Exactly the same sort of thing on a smaller scale is responsible for the pain of muscular rheumatism.

Instead of all the muscle fibres contracting suddenly, as in ordinary cramp, a few thousands tighten, forming a localized knot of muscle which may be as big as a walnut or as small as a pea. *It is these knots which trigger off the pain.* So doctors have named them "trigger spots."

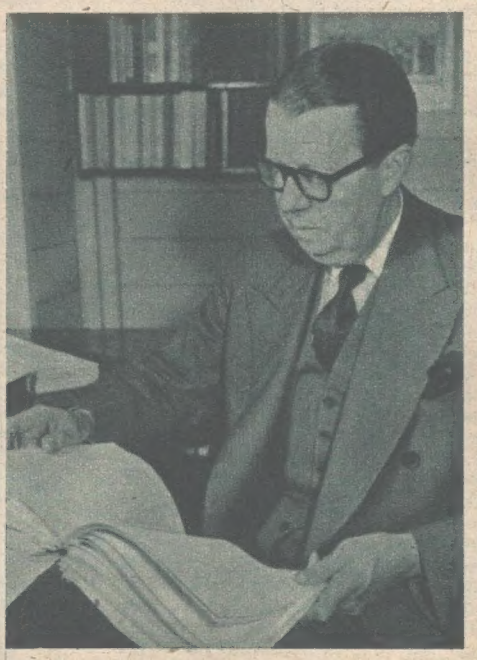
The Harley Street doctor's achievement was, first, to confirm by numerous trials on himself—he suffered severely from rheumatism—and then on patients, that the trigger spots are the cause of the pain in fibrositis, lumbago and other forms of muscular rheumatism.

Then he went on to discover that by treating the trigger spots with a special cream he had devised, the rheumatic pain could be relieved and usually abolished.

The secret of this cream is that it contains a small quantity of the powerful drug adrenaline. When rubbed into the skin, it softens and relaxes the trigger spots—often with astonishing speed—and when they vanish, the pain they cause vanishes with them.

continued on page 46

Science finds new possibilities in adrenaline. This drug's muscle-relaxing properties have long been known. Now a discovery promises to extend the use of adrenaline—in a cream form—to the fight against rheumatism. You can get an adrenaline cream at all chemists, called Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.



"LITTLE SHORT OF ASTOUNDING." Lord Russell of Liverpool, author of "The Scourge of The Swastika"—and himself a former rheumatism sufferer—says of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream treatment for rheumatism, that he knows of cases in which the relief obtained was "little short of astounding."

Advertisement

continued from page 45

RHEUMATISM
IS THIS THE ANSWER?

This adrenaline is extremely powerful and has such a strong action on muscle that doctors use it to stimulate the heart to start working again when it has collapsed through shock during an operation.

The simplest way of using adrenaline, the doctor found, was in *adrenaline cream* massaged into the skin. In this form, the drug is entirely safe because it is used in such minute quantities—one part in 5,000. Yet tests on thousands of patients have proved that even in this small amount the drug is highly effective in attacking the real cause of the pain—the trigger spots.

Results have been particularly gratifying at an old folks' clinic in London. An analysis of the results of treatment by adrenaline cream shows that the average length of time needed before a patient can be discharged free from pain is only 10 days and that 90 per cent of the cases need fewer than eight treatments.

Testimonials to the efficiency of the treatment have poured in ever since it was developed—testimonials from doctors, from physio-therapists, nurses and — perhaps most significantly — from former sufferers.

One of the most famous of these grateful people who suffered severe pain until adrenaline cream relieved it, is Lord Russell of Liverpool, author of the best-selling book *The Scourge of the Swastika*. Commenting on the treatment, he says: "The technique of this treatment has been continuously improved and developed . . . during recent years . . . has benefited many thousands of sufferers, both in this country and abroad. I myself know of cases in which the relief obtained was little short of astounding."

How is it that nobody had discovered this simple treatment before? In the first place, nobody had troubled to try the effects of adrenaline applied in the form of a cream. Massage, of course, was a standard method of alleviating rheumatic pain, but nobody had realized that a little adrenaline applied to the skin in the form of a cream and *gently* rubbed in would be more effective than vigorous massage and far less painful.

Secondly, nobody had tumbled to the brilliant idea of concentrating the gentle massage treatment on the *trigger spots*—the real source of the pain. Creams which brought temporary relief when applied to the skin over the muscles where the pain *seemed* to be, were common, but they were ineffective because they did not attack the *real cause* of the pain. There is a simple reason for their failure —*the trigger spot responsible for the pain is often located at a site some distance away from where the pain seems to be.*

Just as the pain of a cramped leg radiates down the whole limb, so does the pain caused by a trigger spot spread to other parts of the afflicted muscle. Thus trigger spots in the shoulder muscles may cause pain and stiffness in the shoulder joint, pain in the forearm and even pins and needles in the fingers.

The secret of treating the pain of any form of muscular rheumatism successfully, then, is to the find the trigger spots by searching over the skin with the fingers and then to treat them with adrenaline cream.

An adrenaline cream made by the old-established pharmaceutical house of Howard Lloyd, based on the cream used by the Harley Street doctor, is now available at all chemists. The treatment is so simple that by following the directions enclosed you can easily use it for yourself at home and find, like thousands of other sufferers, *freedom from pain.* Howard Lloyd and Company have also produced a booklet of interest to all who suffer from rheumatism. It is called "Diets for Rheumatic Sufferers" and is available free from Dept. S. Howard Lloyd and Company Limited, 11, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

too small for manoeuvring, should we be attacked. A more suitable spot was discovered in a neighbouring forest.

No sooner had the last jeep-load of stores been transferred to a new site, though, than we heard the sound of firing. Germans were advancing up a road to the old camp and had clashed with a Maquis group. The struggle lasted half an hour, at the end of which the enemy had to withdraw.

Why had they attacked the wood? Could they have known about our camp? Who could have told them?

Our suspicions fell on Claudine. Tony radioed Moor Park, who replied that the Special Operations Executive in Baker Street, London, had no British agent answering her description.

"It looks," he said grimly, "as if she's really working for the Gestapo."

Claudine was, at that moment, in Corbigny. The bicycle we had given her had broken down, and she had finished the journey on foot. The way into the town was barred by three German road blocks. She carried no identity papers of any description, but talked her way past the first two blocks.

At the third, she was pulled up by a sergeant. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I have a terrible pain in my head. I want to see a doctor."

"Wait here."

The sergeant went into a nearby house and reappeared, holding a bottle. "Take these aspirins," he said with a smile.

She accepted them, thanked him, and went on into the town. She got the information we wanted, but since the convoy was heading away from our area, and she dared not risk going back through the road blocks, we did not see her again.

She was, in fact, a genuine British agent, but as far as we were concerned, London, by disowning her in error, had signed her death warrant. In the ruthless war we were fighting, the security of our mission could not be jeopardized for the sake of a woman. Had she returned to our camp, we would, without hesitation, have shot her. . . .

OPERATIONS from the new base were highly successful, but because few of our jeeps were equipped with radio transmitters, patrols had to waste time by returning to base every few days to hand in reports on troop movements. For a while, we tried to rely on the Maquis for this type of intelligence work, but their messages could be disastrously misleading.

One of their couriers assured us: "Two hundred German tanks are near Lormes. They are out of petrol and ammunition and want to surrender."

A patrol left immediately. They did not see any tanks, but they certainly found Germans—waiting in ambush. A tree had been felled across the road. As the S.A.S. party rounded a bend, the enemy opened fire. The leading jeep was hit, but its crew jumped out unharmed and escaped in the following one.

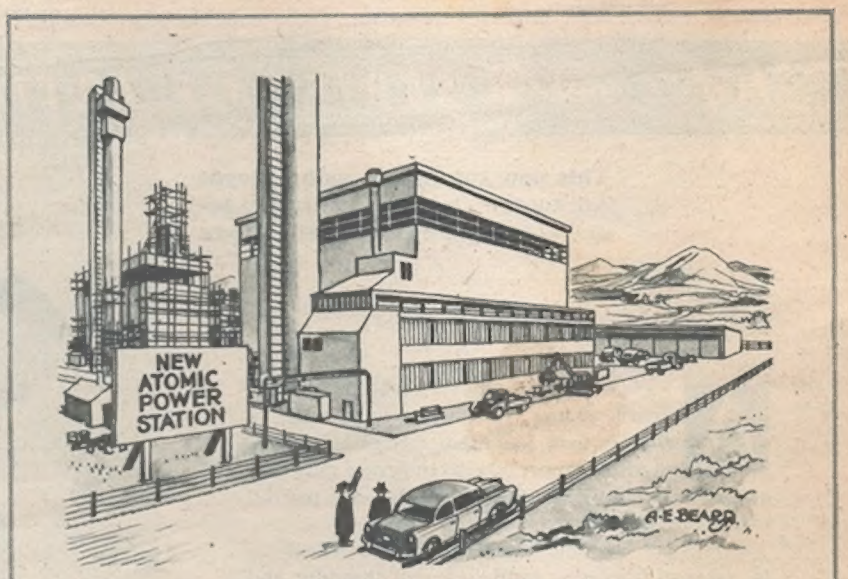
Another vehicle, belonging to Roy Close's patrol, was lost when the Germans resorted to more cunning tactics for beating ambushes. Hearing that an enemy convoy was coming his way, Roy put his two jeeps where they dominated an open stretch of the road. He did not have to wait long. A string of lorries approached. When they were in line before his guns, he shouted: "Fire!"

The lorries stopped. Several were set ablaze by the first burst. Some fifteen Germans who had been in them were killed as they ran for cover.

But a deadly hail of returning fire suddenly came from the middle of the convoy. One of the lorries, which had looked ordinary enough, had been equipped on the lines of a Q-ship of the first World War. Covers ripped back to reveal machine-guns and a quick-firing cannon.

When the lorry scored a direct hit on one of the jeeps, Roy decided that the moment had come to move elsewhere.

The Germans also did their utmost to prevent supplies being spotted from the air. One evening John Tonkin and



"And from my office I shall get an uninterrupted view over miles of unspoiled countryside"

his patrol, operating near Poitiers, crept into a wood and almost bumped into a German sentry. When they went forward to discover what he was guarding, they were delighted to come across a clearing surrounded by trees. In it was a railway siding.

John counted. "Eleven petrol wagons."

One man whispered: "Supposing they're empty."

"I'll soon find out."

John crawled down through the grass to the first wagon, dragged himself under it and tapped. The noise was dull and heavy. The wagon was full.

The sentry paused and turned suspiciously. Had he heard?

John froze but, when the sentry had marched off down the line, he quickly went from wagon to wagon, tapping each one. All of them were full.

He waited until the sentry had gone to the end of his beat, returned and marched away again. Then he rejoined his colleagues. Half a mile from the clearing, the patrol excitedly flashed a message to Moor Park describing the siding and giving map references.

At dawn, skimming out of the north-east at tree-top height came R.A.F. rocket-firing Typhoons. Seconds later tall pillars of flame shot from the clearing. Every wagon was destroyed.

Things did not always go entirely our way, however.

Another patrol, similar to John's, stumbled across Rommel's secret headquarters. They radioed Britain. R.A.F. fighters and bombers took off. The

AMBITION—3

Ambition is like a sea wave,
which the more you drink,
the more you thirst.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

headquarters were destroyed — but Rommel escaped. He was not at home.

In mid-September, the battle for France was at its climax, and the spirits of the civilian population were soaring, when Ted Badger and I took a patrol to Escamps, high above the road to Saulieu. The villagers gave us such an ecstatic welcome it seemed kinder not to mention that we expected a convoy of four thousand S.S. troops to pass through.

Before dark, we put the jeeps in ambush positions where they could fire over a low stone wall at a range of two hundred yards. But except for a false alarm when four stray horses galloped down the road in the misty dawn, the night was without incident.

During the morning "Grazzi" Shaw, our Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant, came to me, groaning and holding his face. "I've got the most awful toothache," he said.

We decided to change our plans and get him to the nearest dentist—in Saulieu. Not knowing if the Germans were still in occupation, we drove down the hill with extreme caution.

At first, the town seemed utterly deserted. Then suddenly scores of men, women and children, chattering, laughing, cheering, weeping, began pouring out of the houses. Oppressed by the Germans for three years, they saw in us the symbols of their freedom. A man jumped on our jeep and explained to Ted in a torrent of French that Germans were leaving at the opposite end of the town.

"He thinks we're chasing them," said Ted.

"Ask if he knows where the dentist lives."

The man pointed to a house. Shaw ran inside, amid cheers. The dentist made a rapid inspection and got to work.

The entire town turned out. The narrow little street seethed with jostling, near-hysterical humanity. One zealous patriot, waving a bottle, dashed into the surgery, where Shaw's tooth had just been extracted, and insisted that the patient's mouth had to be rinsed with champagne.

We drove round the streets in triumph. The Tricolor was hoisted. Extremists in the crowd searched houses and dragged out girls accused of collaborating with the enemy, intending to shave their heads.

We did not wait. We returned to base. When the French Army arrived in Saulieu two days later they found that it had already been liberated by the S.A.S.

The weather was now deteriorating rapidly. Night after night we went to our dropping-zone, hoping to receive supplies, but no planes came. The clouds were too low. The pilots could not see the DZ. Each morning, having waited hours in the rain and cold, we returned to camp, wet through.

The scarcity of petrol became acute. Our area of operations had to be reduced.

I was discussing this with Tony, and wondering how we were to continue, when a signal came from Moor Park. It completely disregarded such practical considerations as a petrol shortage. I was to leave at once and contact the headquarters of the advancing French Army.

"Where is it?" I asked.

No one knew. It might be in Dijon, Macon or any of the towns on the far side of enemy-held territory to the south.

By draining the petrol tanks of other jeeps, I managed to get enough fuel for a patrol of three vehicles, giving them a range of about a hundred and fifty miles. At daybreak next morning we set off, bumping down the uneven forest track from the camp.

I'll try Autun first, I thought.

The longest and most extraordinary game of hide-and-seek in my mission to France had begun.

NEXT WEEK: Our jeep throws a general's parade into chaos

CHOOSE YOUR 120,000d. QUESTION!

SATURDAY highlight on ITV is the "64,000 Question" programme, on which experts have the chance of big money.

Here on this page are a set of 120,000d. "Questions" which *you* can have a go at this evening. The 26 *Examples* below are the "questions" . . . you "answer" with TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make any *Example* you choose into a bright *Bullet*. See how to shape efforts for your coupon by reading through the latest winners. Then aim to make this week's 120,000d. *Bullet*—it adds up to £500 Cash *plus* a giant £25 egg for Easter!

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ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

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The Coming Battle
Men, The Asses
Prosperity's Pie
Vision, Courage, Drive And
Thanks To Eisenhower
Young Ghana
Fountain Of Information
To Win
American Visitor

In The Spring Sunshine
A Lot Of Ballyhoo
Urgently
Tickled The Barmaid
Spoilt Beauty
A Brighter Future
Lots Of Wives
Standing By
In Merry Mood
Grandpa's In Hospital, So

Last six *Examples* are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice — then make your *Bullet* as above

To Build..... In The ..... Department
No Room For..... String Of.....
Amid The..... .....Of The Road

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EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

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EX. .....

B. .....

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NEXT WEEK: HOLIDAY on HONEYMOON ISLAND!

Jerry Desmonde, ITV "64,000 Question" star, reads a question—*you* are invited to enjoy and answer this week's 120,000d. *Bullets* "questions."

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 30 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in John Bull dated May 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 20, for early news of No. 2,084 result.)

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